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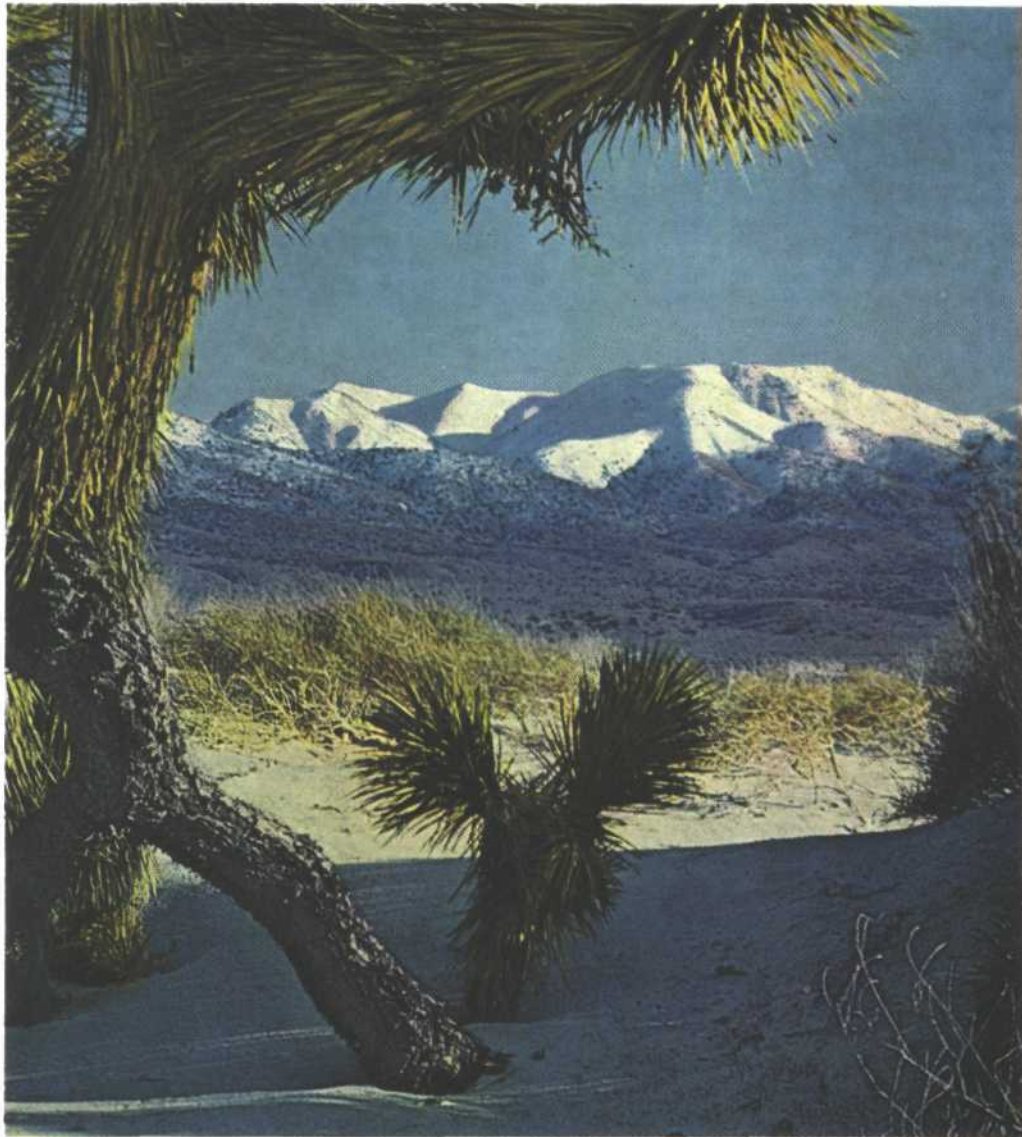
Desert

December, 1961

40 cents

Magazine of the **OUTDOOR SOUTHWEST**





STRANGE PEACE

By LUCILLE SANDBERG

*Far hills are bathed in snowy shades . . .
The winds hush, and the only thing that's heard
Is the saucy song of a cactus wren.
So might begin a desert morn . . .
And, as such a day is born,*

*A strange peace comes with it
And I find that lingering doubt
Is gone; that bitterness fades.
The day of the desert is born,
I, too, am reborn.*

Desert

Contents for December 1961

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MAUDE RUBIN

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Circulation Manager

VOLUME
24

NUMBER
12

Merry Christmas



The Blue lady

By TED DeGRAZIA

*whose painting, "Desert Madonna," appears
on this month's cover*

THE DESERT is a fantastic place. Many strange unbelievable things happen here. And yet, many more will happen. These unusual things can only happen on the desert.

The desert is spiritual, mysterious and religious. It is a big dream around a dream. Walk away from people into the desert, and soon you will feel a deadly silence, a loneliness, a vast emptiness. It is almost frightening. Then suddenly, like magic, you are not alone. Around you is felt a stirring of life. You have a feeling of a living desert, a very old desert.

When you live on the desert, somehow you become part of it. Not until then will you begin to understand it. It is almost human in temperament. At times it cuddles you as a mother cuddles her baby, full of love and tenderness.

At other times it is cruel and heartless. It goes from one extreme to the other. The more you know the desert, the more you will love and respect it. You will always be aware that it is alive.

The desert will make you feel small and unimportant, because of its giant vastness and seeming endlessness. On the other hand, it will



make you feel big and important. Then it becomes so close to you that you can almost touch the mountains and feel the sky in your hands.

To believe in the story I am going to tell you is to believe in the desert as a place of dreams.

It is winter in the land of the Papagos. It is winter all around. In the distance you see a procession of Indians. They are carrying wood on their backs, big bundles for big Indians, little bundles for little Indians. They are going to their mud houses. Now it is cold outside, warm inside.

After supper the fire is hissing and crackling. It is winter dark—story-telling time. There is a shuffling and rearranging of Indians so that all will be cozy. The older Indians to the back, the babies to their mothers' breasts, the young ones snuggled in between. They all circle the fire.

This is a special night. The very oldest grandfather is going to tell a story. He is very old. His voice is very old. The story is very old. All the Indians lean forward to hear his words.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, the night silence is shattered by the

piercing yelps of coyotes. It is a brief cry, then gone. Silence again. The old man wraps his blanket closer. The fire casts an enchanting shadow on the wall. As the shadow moves the old man tells his story.

"Long, long ago, a beautiful young woman came to my people. Her lovely face was white, her eyes were large and dark. She talked to us. She told us a heavenly story, the story of the Cross. My people listened to her. She walked among us. As she passed, her long blue robes touched us, but we could not feel them. Her words we knew, but we could not hear them. Her smile we felt but we could not see it. She was around us and in us, filling us with her beautiful story. Then as a breath of air she would fade away.

"We never knew when she would come, or when she would



disappear. We only knew that we were happy when she was with us. We sang. We had processions carrying garlands of flowers and the Cross which she had taught us to make.

"Sometimes in our processions there were slow children. When they played along too much, they would feel a push. Laughingly, they would step along. It was fun to be pushed by a Lady from the sky.

"Over the mountains where the sun goes down every evening there was a tribe of Indians who lived by the big, big river. Water flowed by their village all of the time. They were called the Yumas. The Lady from the sky went to talk to them. They did not understand her. They drew their bows, showering arrows through her and all about her. She would fall to the ground, then rise to the sky, only to return again."

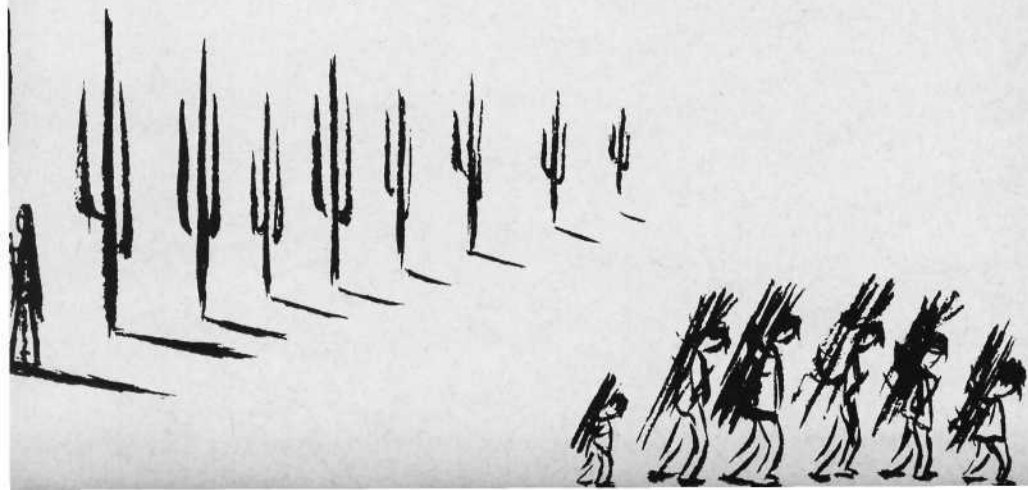
The shadow on the wall moved gently, gently. Inside the little mud house all was blue. The very air was blue. The old man lifted his arm to speak to the Blue Lady. Voices, faint voices could be heard. They were singing an ancient hymn to the Cross. The fire was almost out, only the embers glowed. The desert Indians in the little mud house were asleep. The shadow of the Cross was over them.

Outside the stars shone in the big blue night.

The old man was gone.

///

(The Blue Lady was Maria Coronel (1602-65), a Franciscan Nun, who, according to legend, was "miraculously transported to the New World to preach to the savages."—Ed.)



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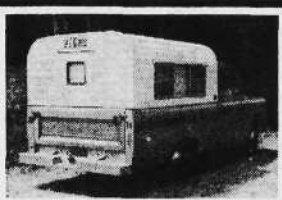


CAR OVEN

AN OVEN FOR YOUR CAR:

This item is actually a stainless steel box roughly 10"x9"-x5" high, insulated with asbestos, which bolts under the dash panel of your car. Two hose connections lead out from the hollow double-bottom of the box. The installation demands only one source of heat—hot water from your car's heater! Just cut the hot water line from the engine, place each side of the line onto the Hot Box fixtures, and hot water flows through the insulated oven.

While the temperature of the box only reaches 180° (or whatever temperature your engine reaches), it has an amazing ability to cook raw meat. For example, when I tried the thing, I wrapped a chunk of raw hamburger in aluminum foil, placed it in the box, and started off cross-country. Less than 20 minutes later, I opened the foil and found the hamburger a tasty brown—and fully cooked! Don't ask me to explain how it works—perhaps it is the fact that the insulated box "seals in" all the heat (similar to the Dutch Oven principle). I can truthfully state that the Hot Box



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oven will heat canned foods to eating temperature in a dozen minutes. That is, it will heat weiners, rolls, and TV dinners in that time. I should think Hot Box would be handy to take along on blustery winter days. Heat sandwiches, coffee or tea, canned foods, baby's milk, or what have you—without stopping the car. Place the food in the oven when you start, and before long it is ready to eat. Price: \$24.95, from Newham Enterprises, 3946-D Mission, Pomona, Calif.

QUICK - CHARGING FOR STORAGE BATTERIES: The family that tows a four-wheel drive vehicle, boat, or trailer—anything with a storage battery in it—will appreciate the item called Auto-Charg-It. This device consists of three electrical cords, with couplers and receptacles for charging a battery other than the one in your car, using your own car's generating system. The charging takes place while you drive, thus saving time and making one generator do the work of two. Those who trail boats for long distances can charge boat batteries en route. The Jeep tow, likewise, can keep his equipment ready for instant starting. It is sometimes the case that short four-wheel-drive trips with frequent starts will run batteries down quickly. Here is the way to handle the situation. Price is \$9.95, from Nu Line Auto-Charg-It, 1015-D S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

WATER SYSTEMS FOR CABINS, TRAILERS, CAMPER-ERS: No one likes to pump or carry water if they can get it at the touch of a button, whether it is a trailer, a truck-camper, or a desert homestead. A Los Angeles firm has devised an ingenious, compact electric water pump that operates off a 12-volt storage battery. The unit has an integral self shut-off arrangement. *Faucets* turn the water jet on and off. Just attach the two leads to the two battery terminals, attach one hose from the pump to the water supply, and one to the faucet. To get water, it isn't necessary to use a separate switch. Just turn the faucet on, water gushes out. Turn it off, water goes off.

Called the Camel, two models are available: 12-volt and 110-volt. For the desert homestead served by elec-

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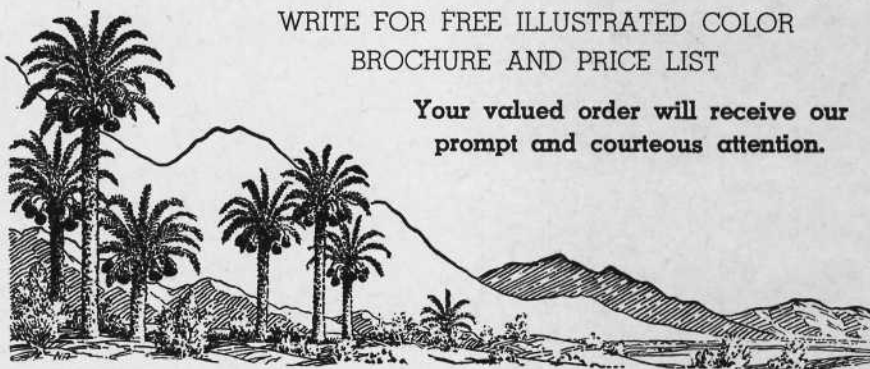
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tric power, the 110-volt pump could be used to boost line pressures, operate faucets—and all without the aid of gravity-feed lines. Makes it possible to bury your water tanks underground where they resist winter freezing and remain cool in summer.

Both pump models will lift water in a self-priming action from 15 feet to 50 feet—depending on what size hose is used. Line pressure stands at 25 pounds, with either the 12-volt or the 110-volt model. The latter model will throw up to 10 gallons of water per minute! This suggests the possibility of fire protection from your own water supply and pump.

The pumps are complete units, with shut-off valve, fused wiring systems, and battery leads. Prices: \$59.50 for the 12-volt model; \$74.50 for the 110-volt pump. Available through: Camel Water Systems, 1221-D Robin-dale, West Covina, Calif.



TRAIL SCOUT

A LIGHT - WEIGHT TRAIL BIKE: There is no longer any doubt that power - scooters offer a big advantage to the desert wanderer. Editor Eugene Conrotto predicted in a recent article that future maps would one day be dotted with "power-scooter" trails, as well as 4wd routes. Power scooters will go anyplace a 4wd vehicle can go, though they may take a slightly different tack to do it. They will go some places where a larger vehicle cannot go.

One of the newest power scooters is the Trail Scout, a rugged, compact machine with clean, functional lines. After considerable testing, Trail Scout proved to be a dependable climber and good long-distance hauler. The most unusual aspect of this scooter is the low weight of 75-pounds, which is about 50 pounds lighter than competitive trail scooters. Power is derived from a four-cycle three-horse-power engine, through a jack-shaft geared down to a standard ratio of 16:65 to 1. Lower and higher gear ratios are available for special duty.

Remember when ordering any power scooter that it is not possible to obtain both high-speed and maximum climbing ability with any one gear ratio—but the Trail Scout comes mighty close. It literally runs up 45% grades, and as long as the tires can get traction, it just keeps going. Because the gear ratio was higher, the model I tested did not climb as well as a Tote-Gote in the lowest possible cog. However, Trail Scout was considerably faster on level ground, the seat was more comfortable, and it was easier to maneuver due to its lighter bulk.

Trail Scout has a chain - guard which houses the full length of the power chain down to the jackshaft. The clutch is a special heavy-duty Fairbanks - Morse centrifugal model. Tire size is 14". Overall height of

the Trail Scout is a low-profile 32". Length is 50". Seat size is 18" long by 10" wide, cushioned with 4½" of heavy-duty foam.

A caliper-type brake is provided, and for no-fade action, it's tops. However, I must point out that with the brake-disc on the jackshaft, the scooter will have no brake if the rear drive-chain parts. This doesn't happen often, but it is a point to be considered. One of the better points of a caliper-type brake is that heat and long downgrades do not seem to affect it much. I literally pounded this brake for several hours on long downgrades, and it refused to fade.

Last but not least is the low price of \$199.50, which is about as low as you can go on a power-scooter designed for desert or mountain travel. (Mini-bikes are cheaper, but are for another purpose.) Trail Scout is available from Bug Engineering, 330-D S. Irwindale, Azusa, Calif.



WATER PURIFIER

A WATER PURIFIER: If you live or camp in an area with a brackish or otherwise unsafe water supply, a new item called the Ogden Water Purifier should interest you. Only 5 inches in diameter, this amazing little unit will filter your water and remove harmful bacteria, odors, tastes, and organic matter. It will last up to 500 gallons per filter-pack, according to the maker. I can vouch for the fact that it removes all taste from brackish water. The unit is made of stainless steel, and has a replaceable filter pack.

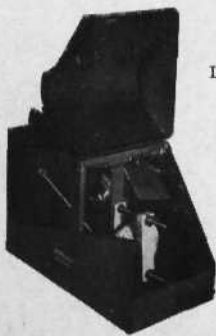
I've heard some pretty astonishing claims from other people who have used this purifier, and no complaints. Price is \$54.50, from Western Ogden Purifier Corp., 7906-D Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif. ///

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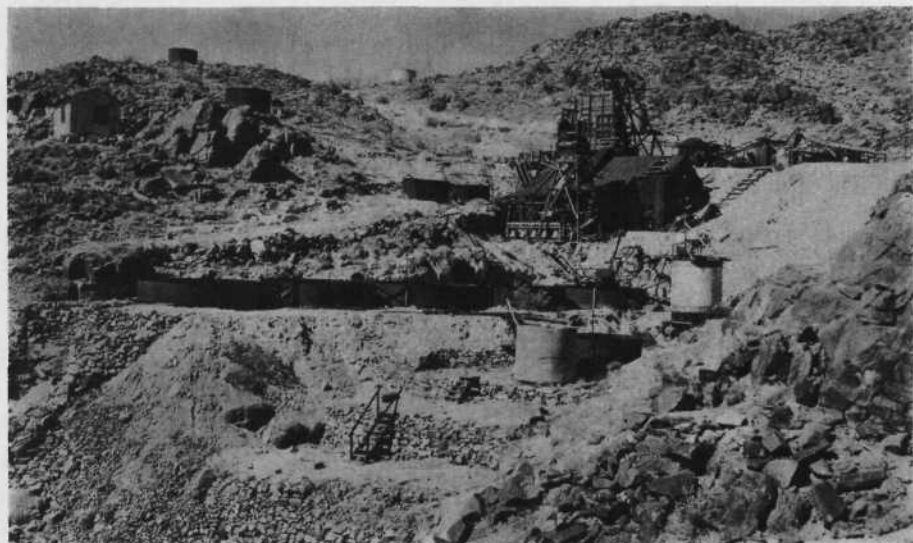
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TO THE DALE MINES

-- Beyond the Sunset Range --



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TWO DESERTS a world apart are separated by the Little San Bernardino, which wall Coachella Valley on the northeast. In the afterglow—as the range turns gold, pink, lilac, then purple—it is one of the Colorado Desert's classic landscapes. To nationally known artist, Carl Hoerman, when he spent winters in his Rancho Mirage home, it was the "Sunset Range."

Beyond the Sunset Range, thousands of feet above Coachella, there is a different desert. Its past is rooted in the days of gold mining, and although much of it is now within the boundaries of Joshua Tree National Monument, evidences of that past remain in hundreds of hillside dumps, headframes, mill foundations, remnants of arrastres, old wells, occasional miners' cabins.

Miners and businessmen in Coachella Valley, in San Bernardino, Pomona, Pasadena and Los Angeles held stakes in mines scattered in the Pin-yons, Hexies, Cottonwoods, Pintos, the Monte Negras and the Dales. Eighty years ago they penetrated that upland—by horse and mule power. From the northwest they threaded up the Morongo canyons. From Indio, they followed up Berdoo or Pushawalla.

And from Coachella and Mecca (old Walters Station), they took a

route which is a favorite with many visitors today. This follows Highway 195 from Mecca, up Box Canyon past Shaver's Well, crosses Highway 60-70 to climb Cottonwood Canyon. Winding between the Cottonwoods, left, and Eagles, right, this paved road gradually leaves the ironwood, palo verde and ocotillo of the Colorado Desert, for the yucca, juniper, desert tea, blackbrush and Joshua tree of the Mojave. At the head of the canyon is the right branch to Cottonwood Springs, a mile away.

This oasis of cottonwoods and palms, now the only campsite in the Monument with water, was a vital center for early miners. Gold had been struck in the mountains north and east, beyond the Pinto Basin. In fact, nuggets found there and displayed in San Bernardino started a rush into then unknown terrain. It was the Pegleg, sure! Miners didn't find the hill of gold nuggets, but the Monte Negras Mining District was formed, in 1890, and numerous mines were started on the southerly slopes of what is now generally termed the Dale Mining District. Despite good ore values, the twin problems of desert mining—scarce water and wood—beset development.

To reach the mines, the old road went directly up-canyon from Shaver's to Cottonwood, then angled over the

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COTTONWOOD SPRING

rise and across Pinto Basin. From Cottonwood junction, by today's road, Twentynine Palms Highway by the Dale route is 33 miles away, seven miles of it to the Old Dale Wye, where the paved Monument road is left; 11.7 of it northeast across the Basin to the Brooklyn Mine Wye; the balance through the Dale hills. The highway is reached at the site of Old Dale, 15 miles east of Twentynine Palms.

In earliest days, ore was hauled 20

miles and more to Cottonwood where it was crushed in an arrastre, then taken down to the Southern Pacific line in Coachella Valley. Later, when the Brooklyn had a mill, the process was reversed — water being hauled from Cottonwood to the mines. When wells were drilled north of the mountains, at the edge of Dale Dry Lake, water was pumped over the summit to the Pinto Basin side. Water later was developed there, but early drilling had brought in dry wells. As to

fuel, before many years woodcutters had exhausted the mesquite in the Basin and were going 12 to 18 miles for wood. By then it was so costly the superintendent considered hauling in coal.

Of the scores of mines prospected and developed in the Dale area, most famous were the Virginia Dale and the Supply (the Supply, Nightingale, Jean and Luhrman were included in the later Gold Crown group). These and many others operated much of the time from 1890 to the 1940s, but none is actually productive today. How much gold remains is a moot question, to which some fantastic answers are publicized from time to time. But even if some of the mines should have rich reserves, the story would be the same as elsewhere in gold country today. With gold pegged at depression level, with labor and supplies several times higher; with the mine workings and mills gutted by wartime scrap demands and by vandals after shutdown orders, gold mines are only ghosts.

An exception is found at the Golden Egg Mine, where hundreds of people have met friendly welcome from a lone miner. Up the steep narrow road (not for tenderfeet), 1½ miles from the Brooklyn Wye, and just north of the Monument boundary, a little white cabin rests on a shelf in the rocky slope down a left pitch. The casual traveler may wonder at a man living alone in this remote spot. But Karl Schapel is not really isolated. He has countless friends. Sometimes they stop in to see him by ones and twos, or the dozen, and sometimes by hundreds.

On Karl's 83rd birthday, Oct. 22, 1961, friends drove many miles to spread a bountiful meal on outside tables there. This was not only a party but a housewarming. For the cabin was erected months before by residents of Twentynine Palms and the nearby Marine Base, after Karl lost his former cabin, all his belong-

<p>WINTER ONE-MAN-SHOWS</p> <p>Desert Magazine ART GALLERY</p> <p>... in Palm Desert, Calif., mid-way between Indio and Palm Springs.</p> <p>GALLERY HOURS (winter season): 9 to 5 every day of the week, including Sundays.</p> <p>FREE ADMISSION</p>	<p>THROUGH DECEMBER 7</p>	<p>R. Brownell McGrew</p>
	<p>DECEMBER 7-28</p>	<p>John Hilton</p>
	<p>DECEMBER 28-JANUARY 18</p>	<p>Milford Zornes</p>



EVEN THESE BUILDINGS—THE LAST TWO IN NEW DALE—HAVE VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE DESERT

ings, and was severely burned, in a fire last New Year's night. Over 300 people at one time turned out for the old-fashioned house raising last spring, bringing with them a feast, and their jeeps and pickups piled with furniture, bedding, cooking utensils.

Karl long had been a gracious host to travelers who stopped. He would guide them through the tunnel of his Golden Egg Mine, show them the wonders of fluorescent rocks, talk to them about ores. In lieu of a fee for his hospitality, which he refused, visitors developed the habit of leaving fruit, canned goods or other gifts. Boy Scouts, who made the tour as a troop, would each leave a can. For photographers throughout the Southland, Karl has been a patient and interested model on many a club field trip.

Before the new cabin was ready, and he was still recovering from burns, Karl stayed with his neighbor,

Harold Freidland, at the summit camp a mile or so above the Golden Egg. From the summit the road passes more pockmarked hills, then 5.6 miles farther, cuts across a small basin where up on the right a brushy slope ringed by tawny sand is almost all that marks New Dale. To envision the once important town for the big Supply Mine (seen directly ahead), the Nightingale, Ivanhoe, O.K., and others, is to call heavily on imagination. The camp's population by 1915 had dwindled to 50 or 60 miners, some with wives and children. In 1918 a single person was reported there. There were brief revivals, and many of the area's mines were active in the 1930s.

Skirting the basin, and passing the right branch (very rocky) up to remains of the Supply, the road turns left, then right through a narrow pass which opens onto a long vista with the Sheep Hole and Bullion

mountains on the horizon. In a little cove up on the right, 2½ miles from New Dale, are buildings of the Virginia Dale Mine. Discovered in the 1880s and reaching a productive state in 1896, it became so important that much of the population from the original Dale, 4½ miles below, moved up here. Old Dale site is at the junction with Twentynine Palms Highway. A well, arrastre, a few scattered

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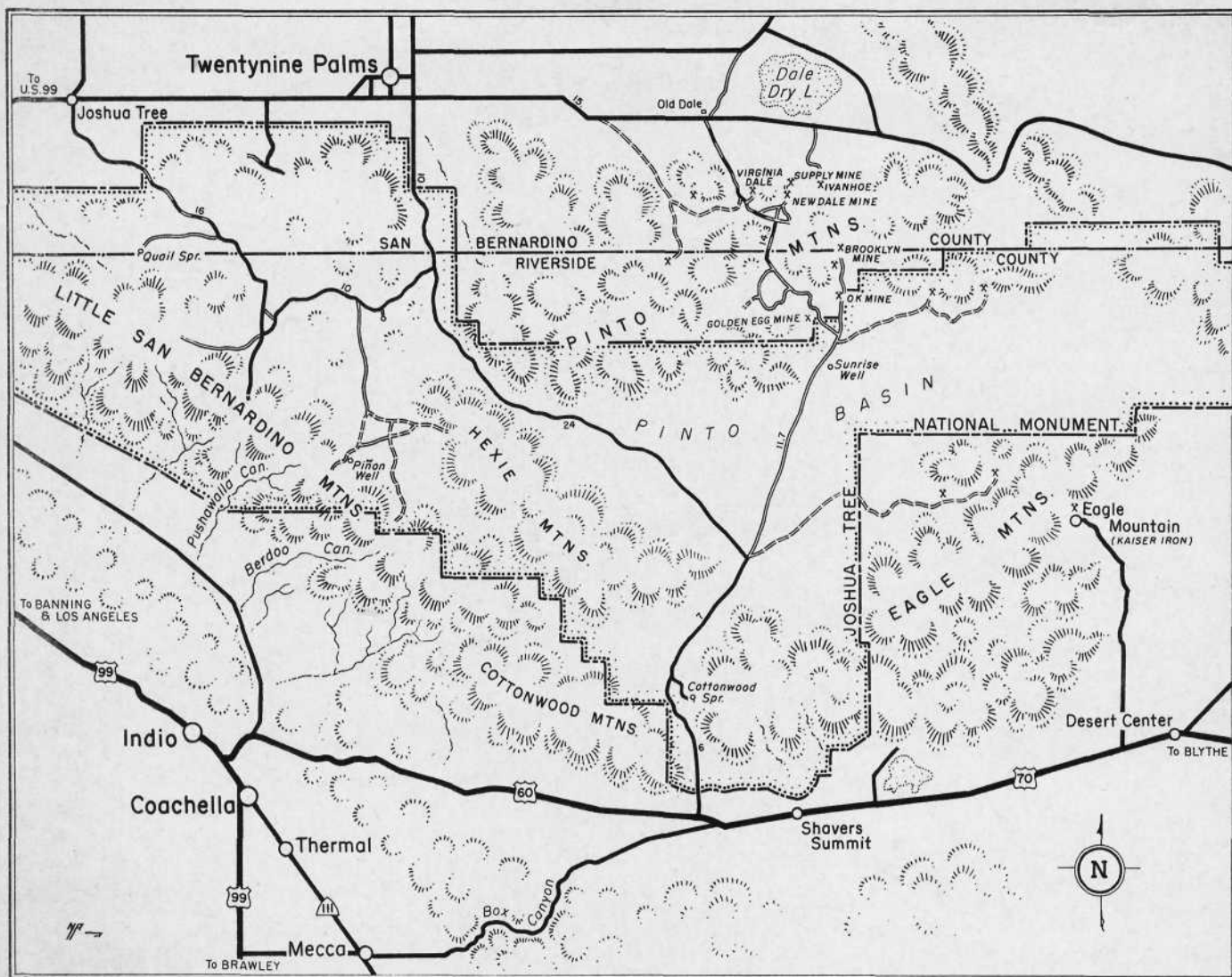
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Send a gift that is "Deliciously Different"



buildings from later periods, mark Old Dale.

Walking among sparse burrowed and creosote, the visitor can see sand-polished fragments of purple glass, faint outlines of building foundations, and remains of a primitive arrastre, much older than the wooden one seen by passersby. Small Tract homes are edging close to this first of the Dales. (Mill for the Ivanhoe mine is to the right.) Left on paved Twentynine Palms Highway, is the junction with 60-70-99, 58 miles away, in Coachella Valley.

How does it happen, since prospecting and mining are forbidden within the Monument, that some prospecting and annual assessment work are carried on in this Dale area? In the first place, much of the land originally included was released after strong protests of miners. Over a million acres were set aside when interest in a Monument here was first aroused. When created in 1936, the Monument area was reduced to some 825,000 acres and included the entire Dale district and even the Eagle

Mountains where the Kaiser Iron Mines are. These were the two main areas returned to public domain in 1950, the Monument this time being reduced to about 535,840 acres.

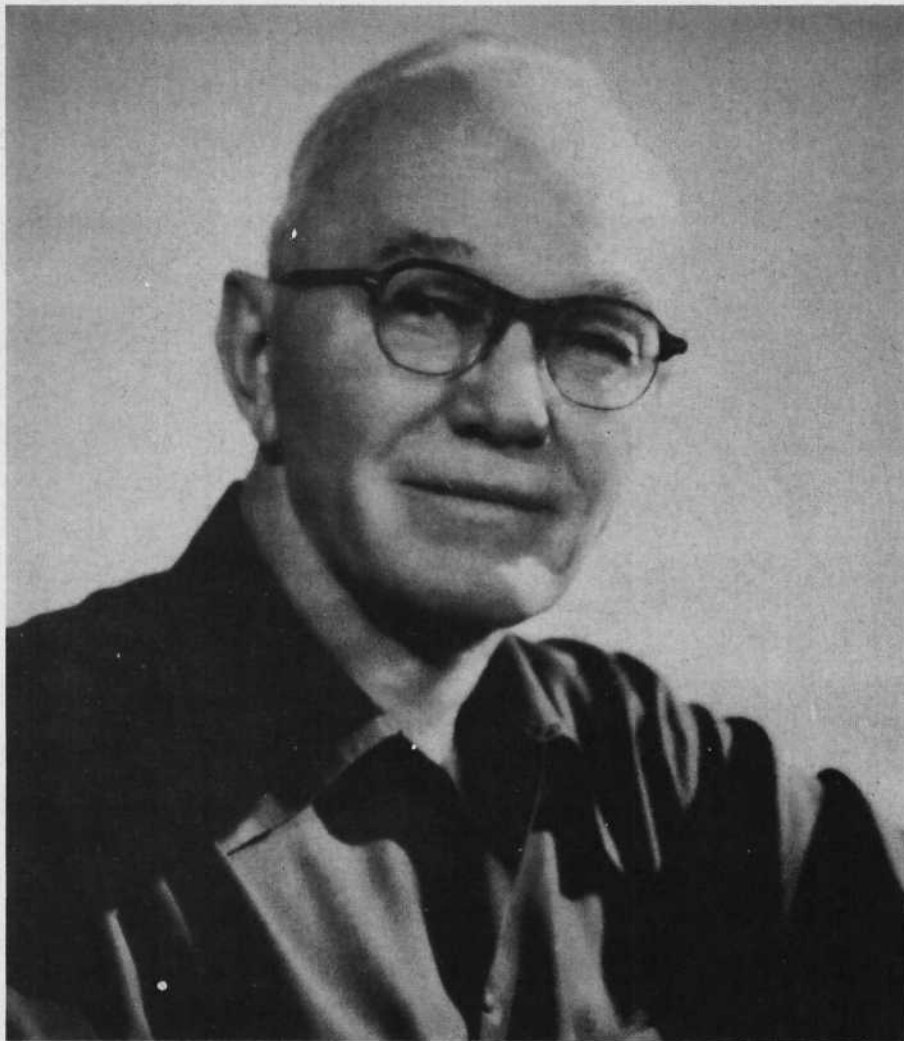
Secondly, private mines are found within the Monument (aside from those in Dale district) because thousands of acres within Monument boundaries are still privately owned, some in patented mines, some in non-mineral lands. The National Park Service has been able to acquire numerous properties by exchange of comparable government land outside the Monument. This practice was halted over a year ago, with the result that some private owners who had hoped to trade for outside lands now are faced with the alternatives of having their investment sunk or to commercialize land within Monument boundaries.

Efforts at negotiating now are at an impasse. On one hand, the Park Service is rarely allotted enough money to purchase land outright; and on the other, the present Department of Interior has not instituted

a substitute for the former exchange practice. The Monument was set aside primarily to protect, as intact as possible, a unique plant and wildlife area. But if subdivisions and fast through highways are developed within its heart, much of this purpose will be destroyed. Individuals and groups are continuing their efforts at a solution which will preserve the Monument, yet allow a fair settlement to private owners who are willing to cooperate.

Meanwhile, when any funds are left over from road upkeep, the Monument administration adds new campsites and other accommodations for the increasing numbers of visitors who have discovered this land of pinyons, junipers and Joshuas—beyond the Sunset Range. At Cottonwood Springs this year, 60 campsites and a water system are to be constructed. The improvement will serve two purposes: Provide more and better space at one of the Monument's most popular spots; Prevent camping right in the oasis, so it can make a comeback after too-heavy use. ///

FIFTY YEARS A DESERT REPORTER



RANDALL HENDERSON,
founder and first editor of **DESERT**,
draws on a half-century's
experience as a Southwest journalist
to write a new book on some of
the people--past and present--who helped
shape this arid land's unique ways...

WHEN I retired in March, 1959, after 21 years at the editorial desk of *Desert*, I made known my intention to continue my writing career.

My spare time hobby down through the years had been the study of economics—that was my

major in college, and had continued to be a fascinating field of research. I planned to write a book on economics—more accurately, applied economics from the standpoint of a small town publisher who for nearly a half-century had been writing the weekly payroll checks, quibbling with the

unions, meeting the tax deadlines, and borrowing money from the bank to pay the paper suppliers' bills.

I had been working for several months on my book on economics when I had the opportunity to discuss the manuscript with the editor of a New York publishing house. The editor listened courteously while I outlined the project. Then the *New Yorker* commented:

"Why don't you leave economics to the professors, and go back to your desk and write on a subject you know something about? After nearly 50 years as a journalist on the American desert, you ought to be able to write a readable book about a region which has a strange fascination for some people and is repellent to others."

Perhaps he was right. Anyway, I took the advice, and after another year of research and writing, the manuscript *On Desert Trails Today and Yesterday* was accepted for publication by Westernlore Press of Los Angeles, and is scheduled for completion early in December.

The most interesting form of life on the desert is the human species which has adapted itself to this arid land.

On Desert Trails is mostly about people—those who down through the years, with widely varying motives, have come to this land of scanty rainfall and far horizons for religious freedom, adventure, economic security and wealth, or for health and recreation. In the early period of discovery and exploration, they were the strong ones who since the entrada of Marcos de Niza in 1539 pitted their ingenuity and forti-

HENDERSON (continued)

tude against the elements of a harsh land.

Some of the characters in my new book are names widely known. It was inevitable that such men as Coronado, Ol' Bill Williams, Brigham Young, James Gadsden, Lieut. Joseph C. Ives, Kit Carson, and Death Valley Scotty and his millionaire partner, Albert Johnson, should have roles in such a book.

But, there are scores of other men and women whose names seldom if ever appeared in the headlines, who have also played significant roles in the drama of Southwestern exploration and settlement. They are Harry and Mike Goulding, traders in Monument Valley; Gus Lederer and Tommy Jones, jackass prospectors so cantankerous they could not live together in the same cabin, but whose dying wish was that they be buried side by side; Henry Wilson, who spent a lifetime searching for the Lost Pegleg gold; Joe Kerley, who learned the hard way how to trade with the Navajo Indians; Ayoo'nalh nezi, the Navajo medicine man who believed in many gods; and the unnamed tenderfoot who spent most of a day trying to excavate his car from a sandy arroyo with a tin drinking cup.

All of these characters have appeared at one time or another in the pages of *Desert*, but I have reassembled them now within the covers of a single volume.

* * *

EVERETT RUESS is one of the desert's sons whose story I tell in *On Desert Trails*. His saga has now become a legend of the Desert



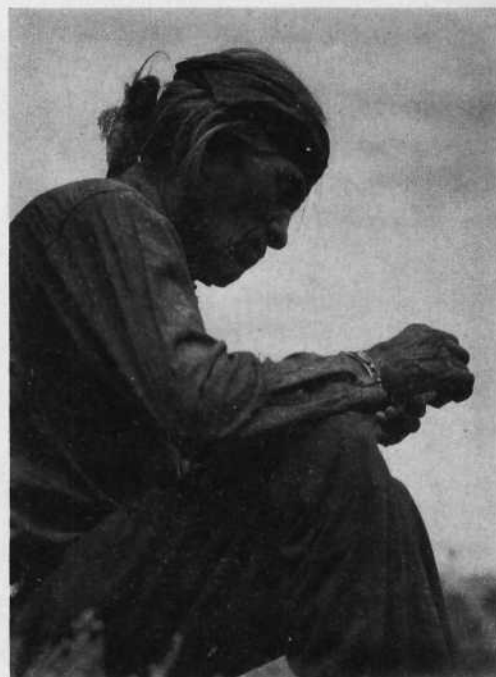
"MIKE" GOULDING

Southwest—a legend which, despite its tragic ending, gives expression to the longing for beauty and peace and freedom which is buried deep in the heart of nearly every civilized human. He deserves a permanent niche in the library of Southwestern lore.

In the redrock canyon wilderness of southern Utah in the early months of 1935, posses were conducting a widespread search for the 22-year-old artist and poet who had gone into this region with his two burros the previous November, and had failed to return.

Everett's fate remains a mystery to this day. His burros were found in an improvised corral, and a campsite was identified as probably his—but his packs, including food, clothing, artist's supplies and note books, have never been located.

For nearly four years this youth and his pack animals had been tramping the wild areas of the desert. Occasionally he had appeared at the trading posts and small stores in this sparsely settled region to obtain supplies, and he was known to many of the Navajo and Hopi Indians and traders of the area. They liked the young man, and no effort was spared in the search which might solve the mystery of his disappearance.



AYOO'NALH NEZI

Many theories were advanced as to his fate. Persons unfamiliar with the peaceful character of these Indians today suggested that he may have been killed by the tribesmen of the region. Others, knowing his adventurous nature, thought he may have fallen while trying to explore one of the almost inaccessible cliff dwellings in this area, long abandoned by their builders. One theory was that he may have been drowned while trying to swim the Colorado River.

The motives which prompted this talented young man to forsake a good home in Los Angeles and spend his days in endless wandering among the precipitous canyons of this primitive area, were baffling to many. Everett had once penned a revealing letter to his friend Bill Jacobs. Camping beside War God Spring on Navajo Mountain in northern Arizona one evening, he had written:

"The perfection of this place is one reason why I distrust ever returning to the cities. Here I wander in beauty and perfection. There one walks in the midst of ugliness and mistakes. All is made for man, but where can one find surroundings to match one's ideals and imaginings? It is possible to live and dream in ugly ill-fitting places, but how much

"The most interesting form of life on the desert is the human species which has adapted itself to the arid land... ON DESERT TRAILS is mostly about people..."



DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY



HENRY WILSON

better to be where all is beautiful and unscarred . . ."

In 1939-40 I published the story of Everett Ruess and his vagabond life in the wild areas, as compiled by Hugh Lacy, together with many of Everett's poems, letters and art prints. This material later was brought out in book form.

In my book, *On Desert Trails*, I suggest a new clue to the possible fate of the young artist. The manuscript reads:

"One summer in the early 1950s I was a member of a camping expedition in southern Utah. We spent a week looking for ancient cliff dwellings in the area where Everett's burros were found. This was a saddle trip, and our wranglers were Mormon cowboys who had resided for many years in Escalante and knew the country intimately.

"One evening as we sat around our campfire they told us their conclusions as to the fate of Everett Ruess. The names must remain anonymous because, even though the principals are now dead, the story involves foul play and no evidence has ever been obtained to prove their guilt. Their story was this:

"In the early 1930s some men, believed to be cattle rustlers, were camping in the wild country along the Colorado River not far from the Hole-in-the-Rock. This landmark was given its name by a hardy band of Mormon colonists who had spent nearly the entire winter of 1879-80 chiseling a trail through the rimrock down to the Colorado River where

it was necessary to cross their wagons to reach their destination at Bluff, Utah. There a settlement was to be founded.

"Ranchers, running cattle in the Hole-in-the-Rock area where round-ups were difficult and strays not easy to find, were convinced the men were outlaws putting their own brand on mavericks. The suspects posed as legitimate cowmen. Their identity was known and they came to Escalante periodically for supplies, but it was never possible to get positive evidence of their guilt.

"In this situation it was arranged that rumors should be circulated — and passed along to the suspected men—that the cattlemen had secured the services of FBI men, who would come into the region to investigate cattle rustling along the Colorado River. It was hoped the threat would end the depredations.

"This was the stage setting into which Everett Ruess unwittingly projected himself. He was a lone wanderer, who went into the remote wilderness where the suspected men were operating their cattle business. Family and friends could readily understand the motives which impelled this youthful artist to do this kind of thing. But to guilt-conscious strangers who had been warned that the law might be coming their way, any explanation he might give would seem wholly irrational.

"My informants were convinced that Everett had met with foul play. The fact that his burros had been safely corralled, but no trace ever found of his bedroll, notes, grubstake,

artist's supplies, clothing and toiletries, could be construed as supporting this theory. Soon after public interest became aroused over the Ruess mystery, and posses began making the search, the suspected men abandoned their camp and left the area.

"So convinced were my Mormon friends of the plausibility of this explanation, they went into the region some time later on an unannounced quest of their own, and spent several days seeking clues which might confirm their suspicions. They found nothing. Perhaps the secret lies buried deep in the broad muddy waters of the Colorado a few miles away, or beneath the sand and rocks of one of the many almost inaccessible canyon recesses of the region."

Within a few months the rising waters of Lake Powell behind Glen Canyon Dam will be backing up into many of these canyons, and the possibility of finding any further clues which would solve the mystery of Everett's fate seems very remote indeed. But the legend of a young artist who lost his life in a quest for, and interpretation of, the beauty of Creation will remain a tragic but reassuring page in the folklore of the Desert Southwest.

As one of Everett's friends once commented: "In a civilization in which art and poetry too often are sacrificed on the altars of wealth and physical ease, it is refreshing to make the acquaintance of an American boy who found exaltation only in spiritual values."

* * *

I HAVEN'T abandoned my original book project dealing with economic problems, but economics has become a revolutionary subject. American and British economists differ widely in their theories, and in the United States, right and left wing Americans are as far apart as day and night. Even Krushchev and Mao Tze-Tung have fallen out over the interpretation of Karl Marx.

Since the professors obviously have failed to solve the problem, I may yet dig up my unfinished manuscript and contribute my bit to the confusion.

In the meantime, life on the American desert goes along serenely, and I hope my current book fulfills the expectations of its publishers. ///

Holiday Bouquet: DESERT HOLLY, MISTLETOE

AS THE CHRISTMAS season returns, our thoughts again turn to decorative plants such as the Holly, plants with holly-like leaves, and Mistletoe.

In the Southwest, attention is given to the holly-leaved Salt Bush or Desert Holly (*Atriplex hymenolytra*). This alkali- and salt-loving plant is found growing in many of the more humus-destitute soils of hillsides, desert washes and alluvial plains around dry lakes from near or below sea-level to 3000 feet altitude. The plant, nowhere really plentiful, ranges through southern Utah, southern Nevada, western Mojave Desert, and the Colorado Desert of California and northern Baja California.

The somewhat succulent new growth that occurs after rains is a lively silver-green, but as the season advances the toothed-leaves may take on a beautiful rose or purple tint. If prolonged drouth occurs, Desert Holly's leaves eventually become pitifully shrunken and dry, and fall off. If, as sometimes happens, the plants eventually die, the tortuous and spreading woody stems, bleached to silvery whiteness in the desert sun, are among the most attractive plants for dry arrangements for the Christmas mantlepice or gift-laden table.

While Desert Holly is really a plant of the wild, it seems to do equally well in gardens, especially in the low hot deserts. It may be propagated from seeds gathered in late summer from inside the large-winged fruits and planted in sandy soil. Several desert nurseries offer vigorous well-established young plants in cans. Planted and given occasional waterings, they soon become handsome spreading round shrubs, one to several feet in diameter—a true ornament to any garden, especially when heavy with fruiting branches. The sexes are separate.

It is from the home-grown plants, rather than from those growing in the wild, that I recommend any pieces be plucked for decorations. Leave the wild plants to grace and enhance the beauty of the desert washes. Many hands gathering Desert Holly can soon deplete the supply and actually imperil its existence, especially where it grows near places frequented by man. The gathering



THE TINY BERRIES OF "MESQUITE" MISTLETOE ARE WHITE TO CORAL PINK OR RED IN COLOR

of Mistletoe is a different matter. Desert trees grow better when rid of this parasite.

Here in the Southwestern deserts, our most common Mistletoe is a near-leafless one called by the botanists, *Phoradendron californica*. What leaves it has are reduced to mere sharpish scales. Clustered coral-pink to pearl-white berries make it especially attractive.

Among trees and shrubs which act as hosts for this semi-parasite are the Ironwood, Catsclaw, Mesquite and occasionally the Creosote-bush, Palo-verde and Ocotillo. The dark-green thick-set clusters of stems hanging from the branches can be seen from afar. When the Desert Mistletoe attacks Ironwood, it often causes enormous spindle-shaped woody boles to form, some of them weighing up to 20 pounds or more. Mistletoe is really a great deformer of Ironwood, and when occurring on many branches may eventually kill the tree.

Incidentally, "Wood Flowers" or "*Flores de Madera*," those curious and very beautiful structures of dark brown wood that assume a flower-like sculptured form, are often sold as curios in parts of Mexico and Central America. Various superstitions are held concerning their formation, but they are boles made by

certain Mistletoes growing on Oaks. The strange flower-shaped structures or deformations are exposed when the Mistletoes die and are removed from the host trees.

The single seeds within each of the Desert Mistletoe berries are very beautiful with their glistening coats and fine parallel longitudinal striae. I often engender considerable amusement when I induce my uninitiated friends to crush one of the juicy berries between the ends of the thumb and forefinger. The berry hull easily comes loose, leaving the mucilaginous seed adhering to one of the two fingers. Next I direct them to see if they can wipe off the adhering sticky seed by alternately moving the thumb and forefinger over it. They usually find that in spite of long and persistent efforts the seed always remains tantalizingly adherent. Generally they give up in ludicrous amazement. I expect that birds sometimes find these seeds similarly adhering to their beaks even as they rub this way and that on tree limbs for long periods. In their efforts to free their beaks of the seed, they somewhat wound the bark. Then when the seed eventually sticks to the abraded surface it finds conditions advantageous for its growth. The viscid seed pulp soon hardens, thus affording protection to the seed as well as insuring its permanent lodgement.

On germination, the Mistletoe seed's first sucker or radicle enters the tissue of the tree and grows downward through the bark until the wood is reached. As the branch of the host tree increases its growth by its usual secondary thickening, it grows up and around the Mistletoe sucker, soon enclosing it. At the base of the sucker, situated in the bark of the infected branch, is a zone of growth which enables the sucker to lengthen with the increase of thickness of the branch in which it grows. At the same time, it gives rise to lateral roots which grow in the cortex of the branch parallel to its long axis. These roots in turn produce new suckers which become buried in the wood of the host. It is all a very clever process assuring the Mistletoe plenty of water throughout its slow but very persistent growth.

The Mistletoe is a water-parasite

since it takes mostly water from its host, relying on the chlorophyll of its own stems and leaves for the manufacture of most of its sugars so needful for growth. It is a case of partial rather than total parasitism.

The plants are of separate sexes, and the flowers in many kinds are quite small and inconspicuous. The small yellowish male flowers of the Desert Mistletoe may occur in great abundance. They are very fragrant and hence attract numerous insects. The pleasant odors are much like those attending the flowering of apple or plum trees.

Since the water-filled Mistletoe berries are a favorite food for several of our desert birds, they play a considerable part in the economy of the wild. Often they are the only source of moisture for the birds in the long hot summer. Thanks to Mistletoe berries, certain of the hardy birds, such as the Gilded Flicker, Gambel Quail and the handsome shining-black crested Phainopepla, are able to live all summer in places totally devoid of springs or streams.

Occurring on Mesquite trees growing along the Colorado River from Needles to Yuma is a broad-leaf white-berried Mistletoe, *Phoradendron coloradense*. The obovate green leaves show five to six prominent nerves running from base to obtuse end.

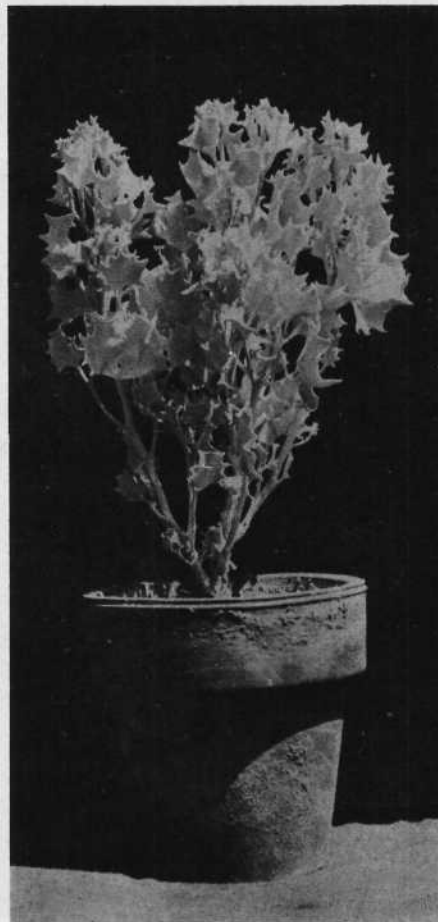
On desert Junipers, particularly the California Juniper, is an especially handsome Mistletoe, *Phoradendron densum*, useful in Christmas decoration. Its densely placed clusters of upright stems and handsome green, rather thick succulent leaves, and the small white berries, make it a prized ornament.

On Cottonwood trees grows the yellowish-green leafed Mistletoe, *Phoradendron flavescens*. On it may feed the larvae of the beautiful Great Purple Hairstreak Butterfly (*Altides halesus*). These larvae are slug-shaped—flat on the underside. Their bodies are covered with a dense coat of velvety hairs giving them the very texture of the Mistletoe leaf, and making them very inconspicuous. When very young they actually burrow and feed between the leaf surfaces, like a leaf-miner. Finally pupating, they go underground, under rocks or bark, held in place all the time by a silken girdle. My friend Noel McFarland tells me that this dark brown or blackish pupa can

make a faint clicking noise when suddenly exposed to light. It is one of the few butterfly pupae that makes a sound. One can see no visible movement as they produce it. Some pupae of sphingid moths make a squeaking noise by moving the abdomen from side to side, scraping together the sides of the overlapping parts.

The adult butterfly, about an inch across, has very iridescent blue wings. Two large dark spots are on the fore pair. Each hind wing has two tails, one very thin, the other wide and always twisted. It is probably the only American butterfly that feeds on Mistletoe, but in Australia a whole series of pierid butterflies feed on this parasite.

If you would see Mistletoes at their very best you must go to the tropics and near-tropics where the red-flowered species grow. These are spectacular beyond description. The flowers are tubular, perhaps an inch long and cinnabar- or fiery-red. They quite cover the entire outside of the plant. If as sometimes happens there are many of these brilliant flaming Mistletoe balls in a single tree, the color is noticed from afar.



DESERT HOLLY

Last year at Christmas time, as I was approaching the shore and beautiful azure waters of the Gulf of California near Bahia de Los Angeles, I came upon an Elephant Tree (*Pachycormus*) and was suddenly confronted by this marvelous Mistletoe plant — *Phrygilanthus sonorae* — its green stems and leaves entirely hidden by an abundance of scarlet flowers. Hummingbirds in numbers were there too—and this combination of colorful flowers and feathered jewels darting here and there amongst them, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight—a red letter day, in the literal sense. This Mistletoe is called *Ingerto* by the Mexicans, the word meaning “to meddle, to interfere with.” It embraces the same idea as the generic name of the Mistletoe of our desert, *Phoradendron* — literally: “a tree thief.”

There are other species of red-flowered Mistletoes in other parts of the world. Many of the Australian species are showy plants whose hosts are Eucalyptus trees, both large and small. Some of tubular-flowered kinds have brilliant colored red berries which several birds feed their young. Principal among these birds are those of the genus *Dicaeum*, appropriately called Mistletoe Birds. They are small, short-tailed and vividly colored creatures with red breasts. They belong to the family of Flowerpeckers, so-called because they spend so much time pecking away at flowers for small insects and nectar. Their nests are pear-shaped and made of spider web, spider egg-sacs and fluffy seeds—all interwoven into a fine felt.

Many people are utterly surprised to learn that there is at least one kind of Mistletoe that becomes a tree with well-defined central stem and reaching a height of at least 15 to 25 feet. It grows in Southwest Australia and is known as the Fire-tree. Its scientific name is *Nuytsia floribunda* — named after Peter Nuyts, a celebrated Dutch navigator and discoverer of that part of Australia called Nuytsland. The species is very showy and not parasitical but terrestrial, that is, with roots in the ground. The gorgeous flowers are orange-red.

Dr. Standley lists 57 kinds of Mistletoe from Mexico alone. In all the world there are some 1100 species, belonging to 30 genera. In the tropical, mostly African genus, *Loranthus*, there are about 500 species. The next largest genus is the American *Phoradendron* with about 135 species. ///

By EDMUND C. JAEGER

author of “DESERT WILDFLOWERS,” “THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS,”
“OUR DESERT NEIGHBORS,” “THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS”



WE WERE driving slowly along a graded road west of Shoshone, looking for a pair of dirt tracks that would lead up the gently sloping wash. On a previous trip, we had followed this desert road about three miles to a long-abandoned prospect site, through a region rich in chalcidony float. As we approached the turnoff, we noticed a couple of signs had been erected alongside of the side road. One was a simple NO TRESPASSING, while the other stated, PRIVATE ROAD — KEEP OUT.

As a person with 25 years service on the Glendale Police Department, and one who considers himself a law-abiding citizen; I found the signs a little disconcerting, to say the least.

But, I knew that the roadway we were on lies across Bureau of Land Management property, and as such was not subject to closure.

Deciding to investigate, we followed the road to its end, passing several other warning signs, before reaching the abandoned mine-prospect hole. Here, we found that a "weekend paperhanger" had daubed white paint on a set of corner monuments and had posted claim notices on 20 acres. The old-timers of the region had long ago found that there was no payable dirt here, but this had not prevented our novice prospector from posting a relocation claim. This he had done in a lawful manner, but also had presumed to illegally attempt to close

and prevent ingress over three miles of public desert land.

Unfortunately, many wanderers of desert backcountry trails are not acquainted with the laws covering ingress and transit of public lands. These people are frightened off by illegal sign posting and inclosure.

Equally unfortunate is that such random and unlawful posting of NO TRESPASS signs tends to breed contempt and disregard for signs legally posted.

Federal law is quite clear on this subject. The basic law as given in the United States Code (43 USC 1061) declares that all unauthorized inclosures by private parties or corporations of public lands are illegal. In an early case, *Clemmure vs. Gillette* (33 Mont 321), it was stated: "any citizen inclosing a section of the public domain is in violation of this act . . . cannot . . . prevent another from trespassing on the land."

The following section of the Public Land Law (43 USC 1063) is more specific: "No person, by force, threats, intimidation or fencing or inclosure or any other unlawful means . . . shall prevent . . . or obstruct the free passage or transit over public lands." In a 1921 Idaho case (260 US 353) it was held that the display or use of firearms to prevent lawful transit is unlawful.

The concluding section of the Law (43 USC 1065) provides for the removal of unlawful inclosures, and states that civil or military force may be used if necessary.

In the Taylor Grazing Act, the law specifically forbids any attempt to prevent the crossing of leased lands. In addition, the entry of persons interested in the ingress and use of these leased lands for mining exploration, hunting, fishing or recreation is definitely authorized. Any act tending to block such use is forbidden.

The Bureau of Land Management

in Los Angeles states that its office ordinarily does not issue permits to construct roads to mining claims, feeling that the general laws providing for access to claims are sufficient to allow for the construction of roadways to mining sites. The BLM does require, however, that the road be constructed along the shortest practicable route, but makes no other restriction. It was pointed out that such roads may be privately constructed by the mine owner, but that the mine owner has no more right to their use than any other person wishing to travel this route. BLM field agents are instructed to remove any unlawful signs.

However, if a mine owner does build a roadway, primarily for his own use, he is under no obligation to maintain this road in a safe condition for the protection of any casual user. Posting a sign stating USE AT YOUR OWN RISK is a proper procedure. Likewise, a sign PRIVATE BUILT ROAD — USE AT YOUR OWN RISK would be a legal



THIS SIGN WARNS PEOPLE AWAY FROM MICRO-WAVE UNIT NEAR BARSTOW, CALIF. BECAUSE THE SIGN IS A MILE FROM THE STATION, IT IS IMPROPERLY POSTED, HENCE VALUELESS.

The author is 51 years old; a resident of Glendale, Calif. He is well known in Sierra Club circles, and is currently on the executive committee of that organization's Angeles Chapter. He is a past chairman of the Desert Peak Section of the Sierra Club. Wheelock is watch commander of the Glendale Police Department's detective bureau, a post he has had for 11 years. In addition to mountain climbing, his hobbies are narrow gauge railways and California history—especially history of the mountains and desert.

posting. There would be no material objection to abbreviating this to PRIVATE ROAD — USE AT YOUR OWN RISK, as there is no attempt in this wording to prevent ingress or transit of this road.

But a sign, WARNING—PRIVATE ROAD — KEEP OUT is a definite violation of Section 1063, an attempt to prevent transit by threats.

Under certain conditions, the Bureau of Land Management does lease land and right-of-way tracts for the construction of private roads. Many rights-of-way across the desert and the mountains have been leased for electrical transmission lines, such as the Hoover Dam - Los Angeles power line. Leases have also been completed for gas and oil pipelines. In these cases, the right to build a private roadway is included, and the right-of-way may be fenced and posted.

However, the lessee may not close any pre-existing roadway crossing the proposed transmission line. In no manner may the lessee prevent travel from one side of the strip to the

opposite side. Simply stated, such a transmission line operator may restrict travel along the leasehold, but not across it.

In many cases, the transmission company will post signs at each road crossing, stating PRIVATE ROAD. This is to safeguard the lessee from damage suits that might result from accidents suffered by unauthorized users of the road. By so posting, the trespasser is prevented from claiming that he was an *invitee*, hence the responsibility of the lease holder.

In addition to transmission lines, a number of leases have included the necessary right-of-way to enable contractors to build and maintain microwave and television repeater stations. These have the same status as the transmission lines discussed above.

There are other types of uses of public lands that have their own rules and laws. Thousands of acres of desert lands have been withdrawn from public uses by the various Armed Forces. While these lands are still publicly owned, the military authorities have complete control and may absolutely forbid entry to these reservations or bases. These are usually fenced and always posted. When such a sign reads KEEP OUT, it means just that.

During World War II, California and several other states, realizing the great damage sabotage could cause to our defense efforts, passed a special form of trespass law. Even though a score of years have passed since the war, these laws remain on the books. It states that if a public utility installation is posted with a specified size and type of sign, then no unauthorized person may enter upon the installation. The law also requires that the plant or station be fenced or posted at rather close intervals.

In California, the sign must be not less than one square foot in area and must bear the words, in letters at least two inches high, TRESPASSING-LOITERING FORBIDDEN BY LAW. These signs have not this force if they are posted in any other way. I have noticed such a sign posted a mile away from a microwave repeater station. Such a posting does not comply with the requirements.

U.S. Forest Service regulations provide for the private construction of roadways to serve timber sales. These routes may be closed to public use for safety reasons. Similarly, some forest roads are subject to fire season closures.

The National Park Service may close and even abandon public roads in National Parks and Monuments



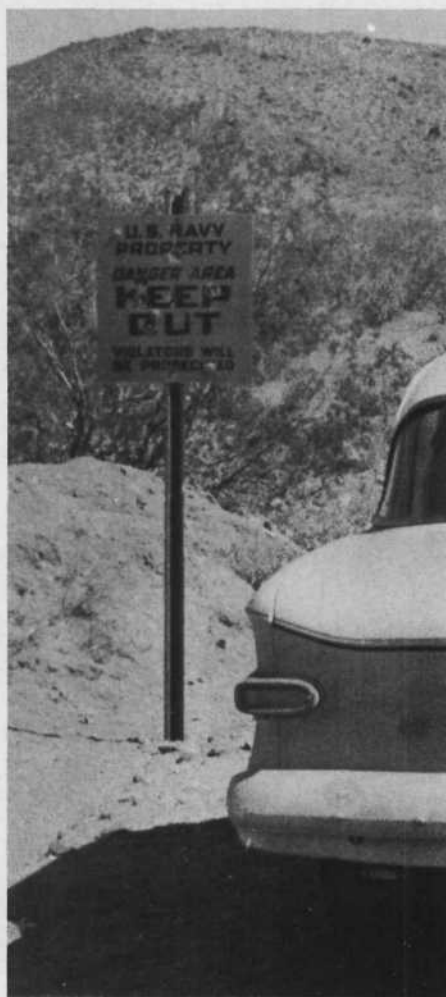
LEGAL SIGN ON PUBLIC LANDS NEAR SHOSHONE ON DESERT: "USE AT YOUR OWN RISK"

when it is considered that such action is necessary to protect the natural beauty of the area. Many old mining roads have been closed in Joshua Tree National Monument under this procedure.

Apparently unoccupied areas in the desert often may be railroad or school lands or have otherwise been transferred to private ownership. In these cases the ordinary trespass laws apply.

With the above exceptions, there are no "private lands" in the public domain. However, many miners and desert dwellers who have suffered from acts of vandalism claim that they should be entitled to protect their property. These folks maintain that any type of sign that will stop this destruction is justified. Consideration of the property rights of others would eliminate the supposed need for many of these illegal signs.

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LEGALLY, THE ARMED FORCES CAN KEEP CIVILIANS OFF THE HUGE TRACTS OF PUBLIC DOMAIN TAKEN OVER FOR TRAINING AND WEAPONS' TESTING. THIS SIGN IS AT THE NAVAL ORDINANCE TEST STATION AT CHINA LAKE, CALIF. LOCKED GATE IS JUST AROUND BEND.



SIGN CLOSES ROAD IN JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL MONUMENT: A PARK SERVICE PREROGATIVE

A 15-year-old boy's "crazy" plan to haul lumber off the top of Zion Canyon's east rim led to the fulfillment of a prophecy by Brigham Young . . .

When Lumber Came From the Cliffs of Zion

"Like A Hawk Flying"

By FRANK JENSEN



A HALF-ROTTED cableway terminal-tower is all that remains of one of the Southwest's most unusual logging operations. This relic is perched high atop the east rim of Zion Canyon, overlooking Angel's Landing at the canyon's Big Bend. Few of the half-million persons who visit Zion Canyon National Park every year are aware of the old tower peering down at them, or of the history etched into the heavy timbers of southern Utah's first aerial tram.

Recently I visited this site. The ride up Cable Mountain was a tough 10-mile climb for this is strictly four-wheel-drive country. Once on top, however, the flat-top mountain, with its thatch of oak brush and occasional groves of slender pine, seemed to roll on forever — an illusion that ended abruptly when I reached the edge of the gorge. From the framework of the old tower I looked straight down nearly a half-mile to the Weeping Rock below.

The Zion Canyon Cable was a flimsy affair. It would never have passed present-day industrial safety standards. But, it worked. In the six years the tram operated—1901 to 1907—it sent more than 200,000 board-feet of sawed logs flying from the red and white ledges of Zion Canyon to the lumber-hungry settlements strung out along the valley of the Virgin River.

The first cable was fashioned from 50,000 feet of telegraph wire freighted nearly 300 miles from Salt Lake City. Five strands of the wire were looped over wooden pulleys and drums on the two towers located 3300 feet apart. Supported by these slender strands and faith in the law of gravity, Zion Canyon lumbermen were able to send 600 pounds of freshly-cut lumber down in two-and-a-half minutes—up to 10,000 feet in a single day.

Two men who remember the cableway best are 83-year-old Will Flanigan, who with his brother Dave built the original tramway, and Dr. Frank Petty, a retired Cedar City dentist who claims the distinction of being the first man to ride the cable from top to bottom.

"For 10 years my brother Dave tried to sell people on his idea," Flanigan recalled. "But they wouldn't listen to a 15-year-old boy's 'crazy' notion. People said a cable that long wouldn't hold its own weight, let alone haul lumber."

Few of the descendants of those sturdy pioneers who settled in the shadow of Zion Canyon recalled a

◀ WILL FLANIGAN OF CEDAR CITY EXAMINES A WORKING MODEL OF ZION CABLEWAY

prophesy by the Mormon leader Brigham Young that "lumber would come from those high ledges like a hawk flying." Young Dave Flanigan finally took the burden of prophesy upon his own shoulders, and in 1901 made his neighbors eat their words.

The old terminal was built of hand-hewn logs which later burned and were replaced with sawed logs. The telegraph wires eventually gave way to a steel cable, and steel pulleys were substituted for the wooden ones. But the original design of the cableway as conceived in the mind of a 15-year-old boy remained essentially unchanged.

The first live passenger to ride the cable was a nondescript mongrel named Sharkey who made the dizzy ascent in 1904. The pup declined the return trip down. A load of squealing terror-stricken pigs were sent down that same year, but human volunteers were scarce until Frank Petty, then a dental student, decided that the ride was preferable to the six-mile walk down the trail. Petty made his "flight" in 1905.

"We stacked one end of the pile of lumber in a box and tied the other with a chain attached to the cable," recounted Petty. "I straddled the lumber between the chain and the box."

After that the short-line had regular "commuters." The trip up was just as exciting for the passenger who would sit with his feet dangling from the open-end of the box and wait for a load of lumber to be pushed off the top, the counter-weight quickly hoisting his "car" to the top.

In all the years of continuous operation no one connected with the hazardous venture was killed, but there were a few near-misses. Paradoxically, the cableway did claim the lives of three non-tram men. Two of the victims were hikers who took refuge under the head-tower in a thunderstorm and were struck by lightning. The other was a scoutmaster who was killed long after the cable had fallen into disuse. A piece of iron attached at the top was jarred loose and slid to the bottom, striking the fellow on the head. This freak accident wrote the finish to the Zion Canyon Cable. In 1926 the Park Service ordered the tail-towers torn down and the cable dismantled.

The cable played a part in the settlement of the southwestern Utah desert, and there are a few old-timers still around these parts who can recall the day lumber, "flying like a hawk," came out of the ledges of Zion Canyon.

///



LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN 2700 FEET FROM THE TERMINAL TOWER OF THE OLD ZION CANYON CABLEWAY

THE SEARCH for the "noble metals," as the gold, silver, and platinum groups are called, has been going on since days of antiquity. The prominent part this search played in the Gold Rush days of the Old West is written into our colorful history—and the search is no less zealous today, with the oldtime assayer continuing to play the leading role. For his is still the final word.

General assaying is divided into three methods: the Chemical, or "Wet" Analysis; the Spectrographic; and the oldest known—the Dry or "Fire" Assay. The latter method is the province of the oldtime assayer, who is fast disappearing from the Western scene, but whose "art," strangely, is still the most critical method of gold detection.

Fire assaying existed before the days of Christ, and is mentioned in the scarce excerpts of the writings of Theophrastus, who lived from 371 to 288 B.C. and was chosen by Aristotle to succeed the master as head of his philosophic school. Theophrastus makes mention of the "trial by touchstone" in which the color of a streak made on black stone by a "touchneedle" (of gold, silver and copper composition) was known and was compared with the colored streak of the metal being tested.

Georgius Agricola (1494-1555), known as the Father of Metallurgy, was well acquainted with the Dry Assay; and the alchemists of old knew the processes of precipitation, cupellation, and small-scale smelting which is the basis of this method.

Today, one of the last and best known practitioners of the art of Fire Assay is Martin Engel of Cantil, California. Cantil is a little Mojave Desert community lying east of Highway 6 (Sierra Highway) about 18 miles north of Mojave. Here the Tehachapi Mountains end and the High Sierra begins.

Engel, who is also the postmaster of this little settlement, has been plying his "fire" art for many years, and has been the final arbiter of the "golden chase" for many hundreds of hopeful aspirants to fortune. He has received ore samples from as far away as Australia, and recently had samples from Chihuahua, Mexico; however, the bulk of his work comes from Arizona, Nevada and California.

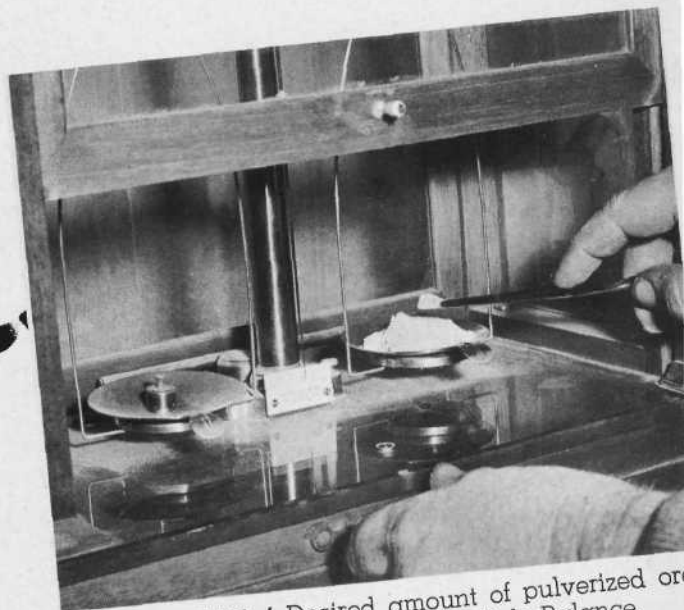
His office is a small shed next to the post-office; it contains his two machines for ore grinding, and the fire box or cupola. One machine is for coarse grinding, and the other (pulverizer) grinds the ore to the consistency of talcum powder. The furnace of fire brick, encased in an iron frame where the smelting is done, is a small butane-fired cupola in which the temperature is set at 750 degrees Centigrade (or about 1400 degrees Fahrenheit).

Before the ore sample is processed as an assay, each of the machines is cleaned meticulously so that any taint of a prior sample cannot mix with a subsequent one to give a false assay. If necessary, a grade of ore known to have no precious metals is run through the machines, which are then dusted carefully to doubly insure that there will be no admixture of gold from another sample.

Next, a sample is put through the coarse grinder (Photo 1) and halved through a special

GOLDEN

OF AN OLD TIME



3 / WEIGH-IN / Desired amount of pulverized ore for test sample is measured out on Pulp Balance.



4 / INTO THE CRUCIBLE / To powdered ore sample are added fluxes or lead oxide, sodium carbonate, wheat flour, and a known quantity of silver.

TRAILS

ASSAYER



1 / **FIRST STEP: PULVERIZING ORE** / Martin Engel pours ore sample into the coarse-grind crusher.

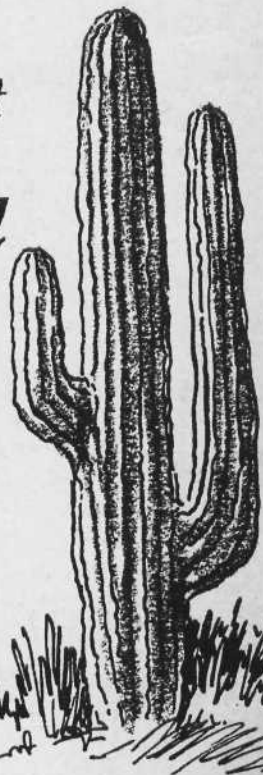


2 / **POWDERED ORE** / From coarse-grind crusher, ore is passed through a similar machine with revolving grinder-wheels, which reduces it to consistency of fine talc.

Photos and Text
BY
**WARREN and
BARBARA
TRANSUE**



5 / **"FIRING" THE SAMPLES** / Engel sets temperature on butane-fired cupola at 1400 degrees Fahrenheit. Crucibles are "fired" until pulverized ore is converted to molten glass.



GOLDEN TRAILS (CONTINUED)



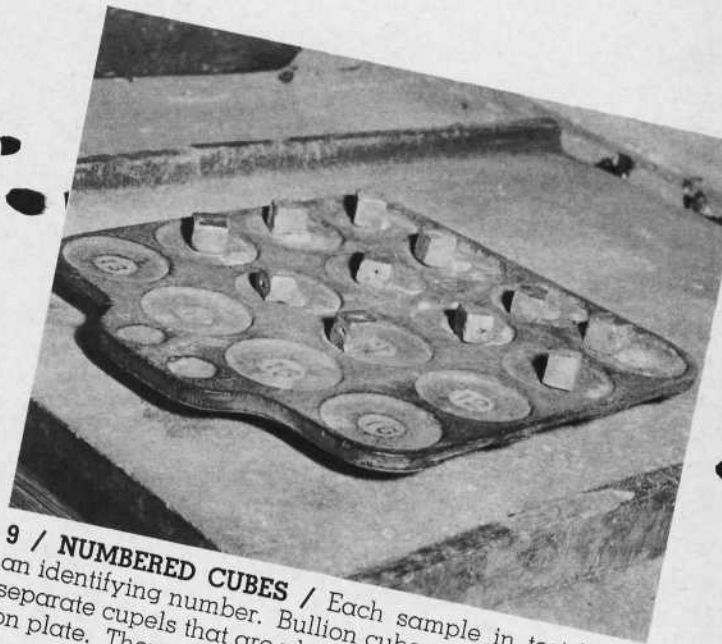
6 / MOLTEN GLASS / A half-hour in the cupola reduces pulverized ore to molten glass, which is then poured into molds for cooling. This is small-scale smelting.



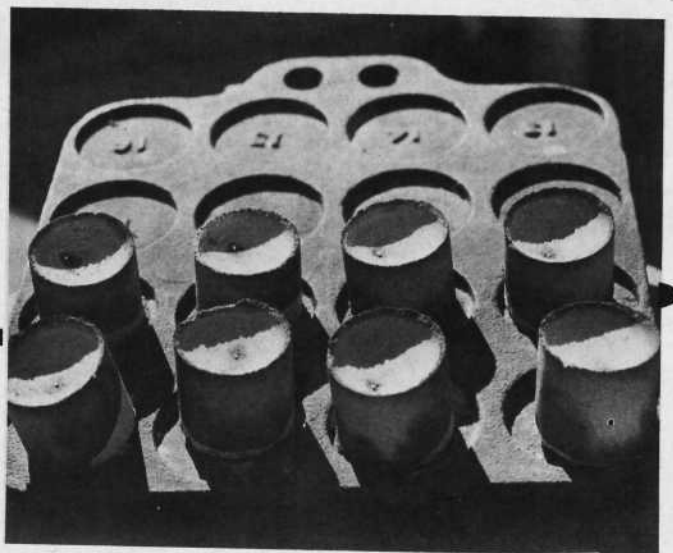
10 / THE LEAD DISAPPEARS / Engel removes cupel from muffle furnace. Volatilized lead has been absorbed by cupel, which is made of ground bone. Any gold present in sample is contained in this button.



7 / COOLING AND CRACKING / Bullion, consisting mainly of lead—added with fluxes in oxide form—settles to bottom of mold. This bullion contains whatever gold and silver present in sample.



9 / NUMBERED CUBES / Each sample in test has an identifying number. Bullion cubes go into separate cupels that are placed on proper numbers on plate. Then cubes are "fired" a second time.

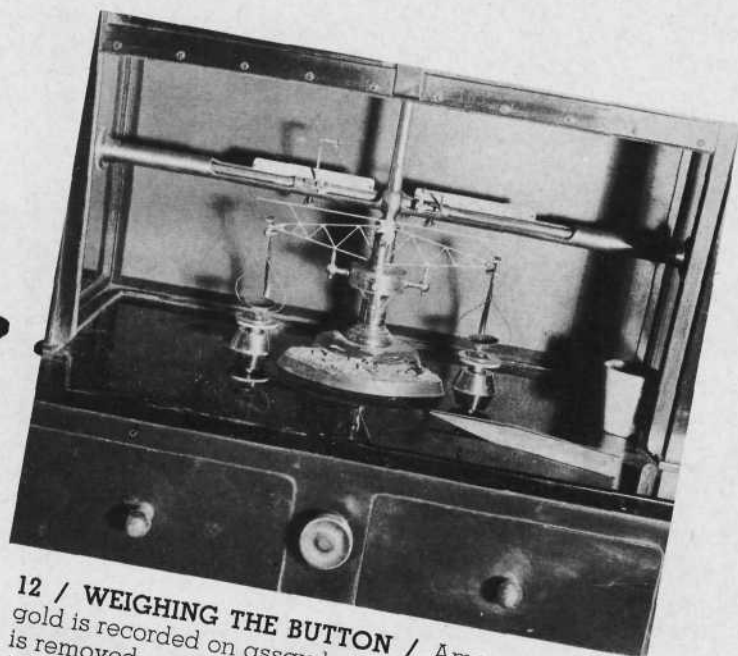


11 / PRECIOUS METALS / Cupels contain refined silver buttons which may or may not hold much-desired gold.





8 / FREEING THE BULLION PYRAMID / Slag is pounded, and the pyramid-shaped bullion piece removed. Next step is to re-shape bullion pyramids into cubes.



12 / WEIGHING THE BUTTON / Amount of silver-gold is recorded on assay balance. Then silver is removed, and weight of any remaining gold is deducted—and Engel has his assay value.

gadget. From these halves, about 10 ounces of ore is taken; and this substance is put through the pulverizer until the right consistency is obtained (Photo 2). The resulting fine powder is separated into many squares on a purified flat surface; samples from each little pile are weighed together on a "pulp balance" (Photo 3) and put into a crucible.

Then a known weight of silver, litharge (lead oxide), sodium carbonate and wheat flour is added (Photo 4); each of these materials plays a part in the fluxing and volatilizing of the ore under heat.

Under high temperature (Photo 5), the mixture becomes a "liquid glass" and is poured into a mold (Photo 6), wherein the now-molten lead attracts any precious metals to itself and forms a pyramid which sinks to the bottom of the "glass" in the cooling process (Photo 7). This pyramid is extracted with tongs as the "glass" cools and cracks to expose the lead at the bottom (Photo 8).

The lead pyramid is next pounded into a cube (Photo 9) to free it from any slag, carefully brushed to eliminate contaminating particles, and placed in a small cupel (a small cup or vessel usually made of bone-dust). After another thirty minutes under heat (Photo 10), the lead (which volatilizes or evaporates at a temperature lower than that required by the more precious metals) is absorbed into the cupel, leaving a little silver "button" (Photo 11) which may or may not contain the gold so fervently desired by the prospector.

This little "button" is weighed on the assay balance (Photo 12), and the combined weights recorded. The beads are then acid-treated to remove the silver; the process, called "parting," leaves any gold in the form of a sponge. The sponge is then washed, dried, and weighed on the rarest of scales—the "button balance"; the gold weight is deducted from the known combined weight of the gold and silver—and the golden trail is a success or a failure.

Conscientious records are now kept of each assay so that no error can occur. The results are filed or sent to the owner and the surplus ore is also retained or sent to the owner, properly tagged so that in case of necessity or doubt another assay can be made with the assurance that it is from the same ore.

It has been Martin Engel's experience that when there is a lowering of general employment around the country there is usually a corresponding upsurge in prospecting. He handles as many as 200 assays a month during peak times. About two percent of these turn out to be workable—to be at all profitable, the ore should run at least \$40 to the ton.

One of Engel's most vivid memories is of the assay he ran on the famous Golden Queen Mine near Mojave many years ago. The silver ore assayed 6000 ounces to the ton, with a streak of high-grade ore that assayed \$27,000 per ton. The original owners took out \$3,800,000 from the mine; then they sold it for a total \$18,000,000 profit.

The assay trail is just as long today as during bygone years, and the art of the Fire Assay is just as demanding. But golden trails are few and far between, and Engel's art is becoming a lost one in the Golden West. ///

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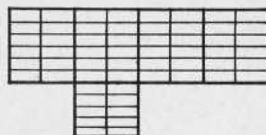


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Christmas on the Early Desert

By JOHN BAUR

THE DESERT, the frontier, and Christmas have always been more than compatible. Historically, the trilogy is inseparable, for it was in the desert that Christmas began, and it was among desert peoples that the three major monotheistic religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Islam, were founded. In essence, Christianity is a spiritual frontier as surely as was the arid wilderness of our Southwest a century ago.

Desert Christmases were unique in pioneer America. The special ways in which they were observed could not have occurred in any other time or place in history. Scores of examples have been recorded, and, I suppose, many more may have been even more memorable for the individuals involved, but have been "forgotten" by history which depends upon written accounts.

The following selections serve as characteristic of those of which we know.

There is a pattern to them, these desert Christmases.

One of the bright elements is the lonely but courageous trailblazer, buoyed by faith and a little holiday diversion on this long-awaited occasion. As others did everywhere else in Christendom, he combined the sacred and the sociable to honor the day.

Another thread in the pattern is that of the Indian whose simple yet richly beautiful adaptation of Christian dogma and symbolism at mission church or desert camp offered a peculiar wonder to the visitor in an alien environment.

Harsh in nature, the frontier desert seems to have served Christmas well. Often it made men outdo themselves in preparing for the once-a-year occasion, urged them to appreciate the most simple things as great gifts, and cleared away from Yuletide much of the maudlin sentimentality, enhancing it with a rugged and lasting sentiment.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE FIRST CHRISTIANS to enter our Southwestern deserts was by necessity a brief but long-anticipated respite from danger and monotonous hardship.

The need of finding a land route from Mexico to California through the Arizona desert, and the plan to settle San Francisco, led the Spaniards in 1774 to authorize Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, an old hand at desert life and a third-generation frontiersman, to

lead an exploratory expedition from the Sonora-Arizona frontier to Upper California.

His first journey in order to explore the overland route had been successful. The next year, 1775, Anza set out on his second trip, this time taking along 240 settlers.

Father Pedro Font accompanied the pioneers. In his diary is recorded that year's Christmas, celebrated in the Anza-Borrogo country.

Contrary to Father Font's wishes, the soldiers were rationed "refreshments." Font did not believe that the bit of relaxation they all merited should include drunkenness. He told Anza that this was indeed a poor way to celebrate the birth of Jesus. Inebriation was a sin, and the giving of alcohol was likewise sinful. Despite these serious admonitions, the commander gave his men a pint apiece, but told them not to get drunk or they would be punished. Thus Anza had salved his conscience but not suited the Franciscan father! Within a short while, the people were singing lustily and dancing wildly. At least for a few hours they forgot the rugged mountains, heavy rains, and their tired, sick, and highly temperamental animals—but the realities remained.

That Christmas in the desert was not entirely a mockery of the sublime, for at half-an-hour before midnight a soldier's wife gave birth to a baby boy, Salvador Ygnacio Linares. Font had consoled the mother when she feared she might die. Heavy downpours and the birth kept the party at their camp during Christmas Day, when three masses and the baptism took place. Font's sermon, properly enough, was a strong condemnation of drunkenness.

FOR FONT, ANZA, AND THE LINARES FAMILY, Christmas was a generations-old tradition, something familiar here in the wilderness; but to the Indians of the Southwest it was a new festival, to be adapted to fit in with the realities of their age-old society. Southern Arizona's architecturally outstanding Mission San Xavier del Bac has for nearly 250 years observed Christmas in the same manner. Here at midnight Mass, announced by church bells, Indians gather. These Papagos have prepared a crib for the Christ Child, and the figure is carried back to the high altar and placed above the tabernacle. A Papago choir of a dozen or more voices intones the Kyrie in Latin, as have the ancestors of its members since Father Eusebio Kino, the veritable missionary-king of Arizona, taught them. The worshippers may not understand the words, but their reactions proclaim that they feel the spirit of the Holy Night. As the Indians leave, each in the long line pauses to take his turn swinging the crib.

Among the Yaqui of Arizona the same ceremony prevails on *Noche Buena*. Shortly after midnight, when the rites are completed, everyone in the church receives tamales, the baking of which has been contracted for some time before, when one of the village families was chosen for the honored task.

EVEN OLDER AS A FRONTIER OF SPAIN IN

John Baur has been the history instructor at the Los Angeles County Museum since 1954. His specialty is the American West, and he has taught classes on this subject at UCLA. At present he is engaged in three research projects: the history of dogs on the frontier; the history of the Republican Party in California; and the biography of John

P. Jones, U.S. Senator from Nevada, 1873-1903.

The material for Baur's article on pioneer Christmases came from his just-published volume, "Christmas on The American Frontier" (Caxton Press: \$5). Baur is the author of "The Health Seekers of Southern California," published in 1959.

America was New Mexico, and the Indians of that region have known Christmas for over three centuries. Therefore, when New Mexico, on the main Southwestern military route to the Pacific, welcomed American Army contingents in the mid-Nineteenth Century, the pattern of their Holy Days had become well established. An Army surgeon, P. G. T. TenBroeck, was in Laguna Pueblo during the Christmas season of 1851. He noted that some "gringo" visitors of the time—contemptuous of what they could not understand, and naive in their acceptance of surface evidences—looked upon the one-story mud huts and treeless tablelands as unworthy of their attention. But TenBroeck was broad-minded and wise enough to see that there were ways to express man's deepest feelings other than those he had always known. Christmas Day proved his point.

Early that morning the Laguna men began to ring the bells of the old church. TenBroeck found the Indian men in the church, dressed in their best blankets, buckskin breeches and moccasins, while the women were adorned with their gayest *tilmas*. On the altar flared bright candles. The pueblo governor and the other "city fathers" made speeches, and then the congregation dispersed. Fascinated, TenBroeck wrote:

As they passed out, I noticed that a great many of them carried in their hands little baskets containing images, some of sheep and goats, others of horses, cows, and other domestic animals, and others again, of deer and beasts of the chase, quite ingeniously wrought in mud or dough . . . it was their custom from time immemorial that those who had been successful with herds, in agriculture, in the chase, or any other way, carry images to the altar, there to lay them at the feet of the Great Spirit.

But, to TenBroeck, the most curious and interesting part of the whole Christmas service was the "orchestra":

Just over the entrance door there was a small gallery, and no sooner had the Mexican commenced his rosary than there issued from this a sound like the warbling of a multitude of birds, and it was kept up until he had ceased. There it went, through the whole house, bounding from side to side, echoing from the very rafters—fine, tiny warblings, and deep-toned, thrilling sounds. The note of the wood-thrush and the trillings of the canary bird, were particularly distinct.

To find out what had caused this effect, he went up to the gallery, and:

I there found 15 or 20 young boys lying down upon the floor, each with a small basin two-thirds full of water in front of him, and one or more short reeds perforated and split in a peculiar manner. Placing one end in the water, and blowing through the other, they imitated the notes of different birds most wonderfully. It was a curious sight . . . I believe I was more pleased with this simple and natural

music than I have even been with the swelling organs and opera-singers who adorn the galleries of our churches at home.

This was not all. That afternoon a party of seven men and many women appeared in the courtyard of the church and began to dance. A drummer produced a dull roar. Dressed in their best attire, both men and women wore large sashes and eagle and turkey feathers in their hair and down their backs. From the waist hung the skin of a silver-gray fox. The men's legs were naked from the knees down and painted red, and the women's hair was combed over their faces. The dancers carried gourds filled with pebbles which helped them keep time.

IN SOUTHEASTERN CALIFORNIA, THE CHRISTIAN Indians celebrated with less exquisite symbolism, but just as effectively. At the beginning of this century, one group of Cahuilla Indians who lived near the recently-formed Salton Sea were visited by the adventurer and author, George Palmer Putnam. He had come to their homes late in December, but the weather was mild. As if it were summertime, the tribesmen were preparing for the Christmas holiday in picniclike fashion. They had planned a grand barbecue in celebration of the Nativity.

Just the day before they had ridden into the hills to fetch the most tender steer they could find. Since the barbecue in this stark land was a rarity to be cherished, its pleasures hoarded, and its memory preserved, 20 men went out merrily to do the job that a single cowhand could have managed with ease. The meat went into the pit barbecue Christmas eve and the cooking continued all night—a night of pageantry, when old men tended the campfires and recited with pride the tales of their bygone youth and the stories of other Christmases. Next morning tables were put together under shady trees. The wash-tub containers were not too fancy, but nobody could have complained about the aromatic beans within the tubs or the savory coffee, the rich cakes, newly-baked bread and barbecued meat which awaited the diners.

We can agree with Putnam that the best of all sauces is "appreciation," and these people, observing the prime festival of Christendom in their own way, were deeply grateful for their meager blessings, and shared them to the utmost.

A STRANGE AND GLITTERING ELEMENT TO the pattern of desert Christmases was that introduced by gold. Most pioneers of the gold rush were safe in camp, dreaming of their private pile around the next turn in the mountain stream, when Christmas came in 1849. An exception in that eventful year was William Lewis Manly. The party of overlanders which he had joined had passed through Salt Lake City, and then had taken a "short cut" to Southern California, "discovering" Death Valley on the way. At Christmas, the Valley was yet to be crossed. Manly wrote of their plight:

On Christmas day, they came to a rough, rocky mountain that could not be passed over with any wheeled vehicle. Now, I know how this holiday was spent. We must prepare to pack ourselves and oxen with the small quantity of provisions left (had been living some time on rations). Some of the poor oxen had to be slaughtered for Christmas—scarcely a morsel else to be prepared for the sorry festival. No one felt merry, but awful sad, when he could put in his hat his allotted part of the grub still left. Some were almost tongue-tied and walked on in silence. As the water here was quite brackish, they had to move as soon as possible and try to find better water for themselves and the oxen. No merriment was indulged in in this Christmas camp of 1849. As they tramped over the rough, rocky country, their badly protected feet left blood in their tracks.

On that day the first sermon heard in this awesome desert was preached by the Reverend James W. Brier.



A MORMON FAMILY, 1860: DRUM AND FIFE HERALDED THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

Manly tells us that at dusk on Christmas Day he suddenly came upon Brier, his heroic wife, Juliette, and their two sons. Brier was

... very coolly delivering a lecture to his boys on education. It seemed very strange to me to hear a solemn discourse on the benefits of early education, when, it seemed to me, starvation was staring us in the face, and the barren desolation all around gave small promise of the need of any education higher than the natural impulses of nature.

And yet, for us today, it does not seem inappropriate as it did to the down-to-earth Manly, that a mother and father with the Briers' faith would celebrate the holiday with a consideration of cultural matters. In the Atomic Age and its shadows, we still erect skyscrapers and cathedrals.

THAT SAME DAY, ANOTHER PARTY WHICH had sought a new route southwest, led by Jacob Y. Stover, was observing Christmas in a much different manner. The Stover group had traveled along for a time with the Briers, but then set out to blaze their own trail. They had suffered their own little hell, crossing a 75-mile wasteland, lightening their loads as they went, and finally living on horse and mule meat and a little corn meal. On Christmas Day their purgatory was over. Stover and his companions had reached "Pokamongo" Rancho (Cucamonga).

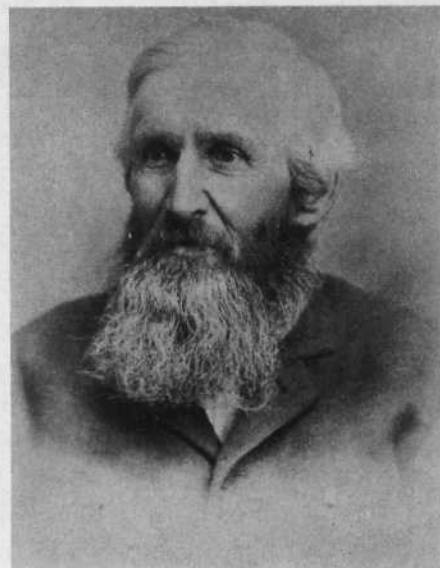
How beautiful were the vineyards. They came upon two naked Indians who worked for the Frenchman, Prudhomme, trampling grapes for wine. The lean migrants, who had lost everything but the clothes on their backs, greedily ate the grapes and drank glass after glass of the new wine as they scooped it up in tin cups. They did not listen to the warnings of the Indians that they were taking too much. After awhile, they toppled over and slept a long and sobering slumber.

THE MORMONS CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS IN their Great Basin haven in a far different way. Prayerful thanksgiving greeted each Christmas. Although the Mormons opposed the use of alcohol and stimulants, these were gay desert pioneers who celebrated the holiday with lively dances, the gathering of evergreen trees from the nearby mountains, the exchange of presents, and, not to forget the first Americans, they welcomed the Ute Indians to dinner and remembered them with gifts on Christmas morning. Yuletide began early for the Saints, for at dawn in most Mormon settlements a noisy brass band gave the big day a grand sendoff!

In December of 1867, John W. Clampitt was a lonely visitor indeed—a non-Mormon in the New Zion. He had been ordered by the Federal Government to study the problems facing the postal service in central Utah. Doing his duty was especially hard at that time, for he, his companion, and their mounts suffered terribly from the cold of the rugged mountain and valley country through which they were passing. Finally, on Christmas Eve, the two strangers stopped at a Mormon farm. Clampitt noted that his host had three wives who occupied a fortlike farmhouse.

That night Clampitt's melancholy verged on cynicism. And why shouldn't it? He was spending Christmas Eve lying miserably on the floor, for his host would not even provide a bed. There in the dark he bemoaned his luck, 3000 miles from home in a desert region he regarded as dead and worthless. He fell into a sullen sleep. Hours passed, and then:

... the gray dawn of the morning came at last, and with it a surprise. I heard the beating of a drum, the shrill notes of a fife, the firing of guns, and the loud shouts of men and boys. What could it mean? Was it a call to arms? Had the



WILLIAM LEWIS
MANLY SURVIVED
THE BITTER
CHRISTMAS OF '49
IN DEATH VALLEY

wily savage chosen that dark morning for an attack upon the sleeping town? Were we to engage in battle in Round Valley with the white man's foe? Were they already at its gates? No! What, then, means this call to arms from fife and drum? Ah, my Gentile friend, it is the sound of the Mormon boys of Round Valley ushering in the dawn of Christmas! They are marching around the hollow square with drum and fife; they are firing a salute at each household, they are singing the songs that are now being sung by Christian millions all over the world; they are ringing the bells and shouting their loud huzzas, and their notes shall be borne over the distant mountain tops on the electric chords of sympathy to swell the anthems of praise and rejoicing.

THERE ARE MANY DRAMATIC EXAMPLES OF how Christmas was put on the map of the American Southwest, and most of them carry a warm anecdote, a capsule-size story of man's achievements against nature's barricades of hardship. Christmas gave its honorable name to a number of mining strikes. The expedition of Dr. Samuel Gregg George of Visalia, California, visited Death Valley in 1860. On Christmas Day of that year, George's party crossed into Wild Rose Canyon. There the explorers discovered a deposit of antimony ore which they christened the "Christmas Gift Lode." It became a profitable holiday present.

The famous Christmas Mine of Arizona, a copper strike in the Gila Valley, earned more for its stockholders than had been expected. The town of Christmas, Arizona, now no longer in existence, was named in December, 1902, when news that the boundaries of the San Carlos Indian Reservation had been changed was wired to two prospectors who rushed to the claims and named the townsite for the day of their arrival.

Even before modern transportation made nature loving an easy and comfortable hobby, there were men who sought out the Southwest's wonders as inspiration for Christmas keeping. Writing in 1906 of "A Christmas at the Grand Canyon," one tourist concluded the account of his holiday pilgrimage by saying that Christmas ended for him with a night-watch on the brink of the canyon:

A white, silent hour when the air seemed full of whispering voices: not the wild hymn of the beasts, but the greater call of the Unknown that has haunted the hearts of men in City and Wilderness alike since that mighty gorge below was no more than a hand-breadth trail through the forest.

His geological chronology may have been faulty, but his words were about as effective as any yet written to explain why the dignity of the desert has always proved a studio for thinkers, an ideal backdrop for any Christmas pageant.

///

What Became of the South

IN ITS PRE-WAR HEYDAY, MADRID, NEW MEXICO, ATTRACTED WORLDWIDE INTEREST DURING

IT IS NOW a ghost town, this lonely New Mexico coal camp that lived for Christmas. Yet, a spirit still hovers over Madrid—a spirit alive in the relics of a goal that was briefly achieved.

The story of Madrid, the “Christmas City of the Southwest” that once promised to become “as famous as Oberammergau,” is the story of ordinary people who transformed their town into a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle for the thousands of people who journeyed to see it.

Madrid’s people were coal miners. Coal camps are not noted for their beauty, and this town on the slopes of the Ortiz Mountains, 20 miles from Santa Fe, was no exception.

Each winter brought snow, and the roads to this isolated camp became treacherous. Christmas in Madrid was a lonely time.

In the early 1920s, a few residents decided to do something about the camp’s drabness. They placed lighted trees in their front yards. A few

winters later, trees appeared in front of practically every house in Madrid, no matter how humble or busy were its occupants.

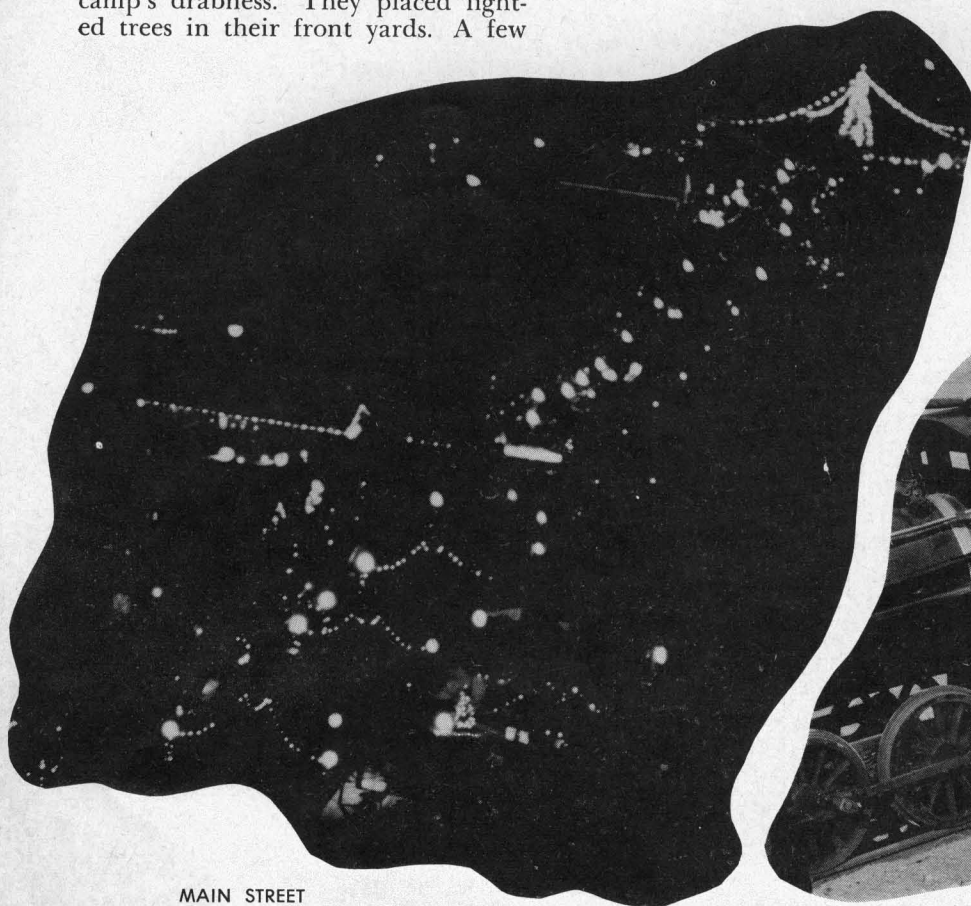
This went on for several years until two neighbors decided that the community driveway would be an excellent site for a Nativity scene. Oscar Huber, who today is sole owner of the Madrid townsite, was consulted. He was enthusiastic about the project, and the first Nativity scene became a reality.

Next season and for several winters to follow, the entire town became a scene right out of Christmas. It was a community project right from the start. Miners gave freely of their time and money, displaying an unusual amount of cooperation and community spirit.

The work began each August as

the town’s 2000 citizens prepared decorations and special props. Initial supplies included 6000 - square - yards of canvas, 25 miles of wire, 1500 spotlights, 41,000 colored bulbs. Artists were hired to paint huge figures. And when all was done, the streets of Madrid did not resemble a well-constructed mass of board, canvas and wire, but, in truth, became the embodiment of everyone’s mind-image of Christmas.

Displays took people into the lands of the Bible, and brought grownups back to the carefree days of their childhood, and children into their



MAIN STREET



MADRID'S SHORT-LINE

By NATALI

hwest's "Christmas City"?

THE HOLIDAYS WHEN THE ENTIRE TOWN BECAME A SCENE RIGHT OUT OF CHRISTMAS

evasive paradise. Toyland had castles, story book characters, giant toys. Santa was there, too, and a merry-go-round, a ferris wheel for dolls, a miniature railroad, and sparkling eyes and happy faces.

During Madrid's heyday, it is estimated that 100,000 people were visitors during each Christmas season. Even the most cynical of these pilgrims sensed that the coal miners and their families had captured the Spirit of Christmas. No one tried to explain how the canvas choir boys moved their lips, or how the light on the big tree happened to trace the shape

of a woman kneeling in prayer. Not one penny was collected from those who journeyed to the camp.

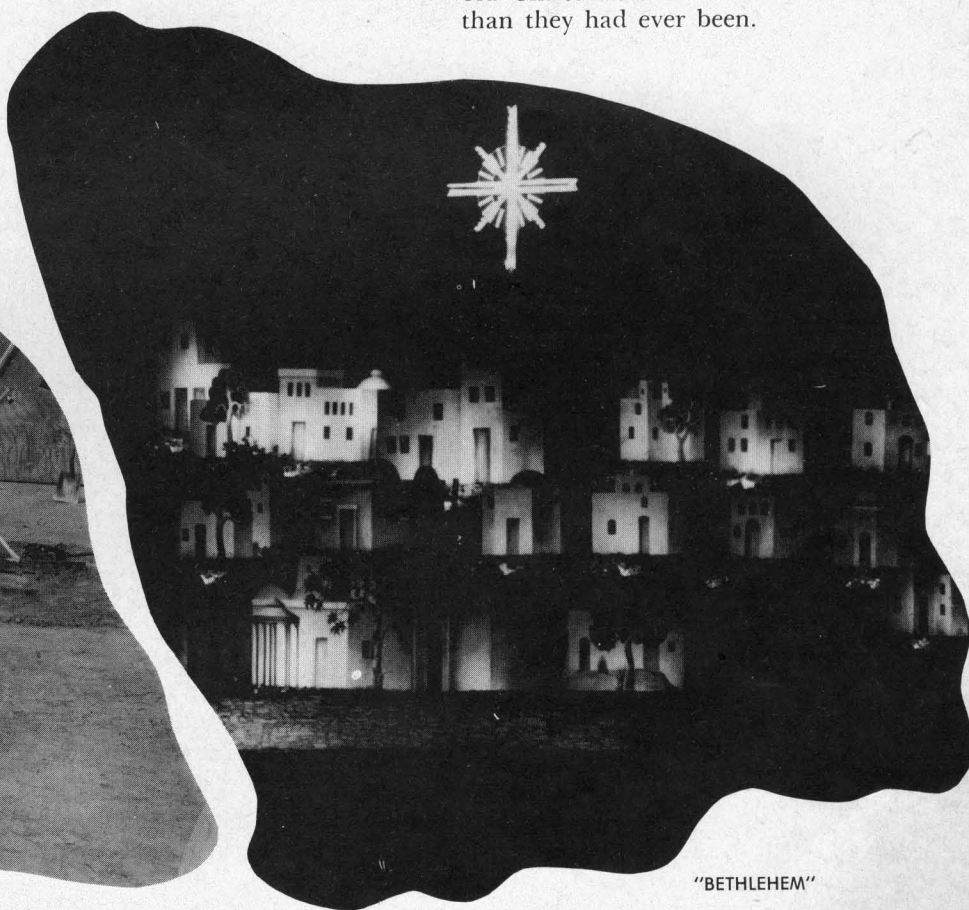
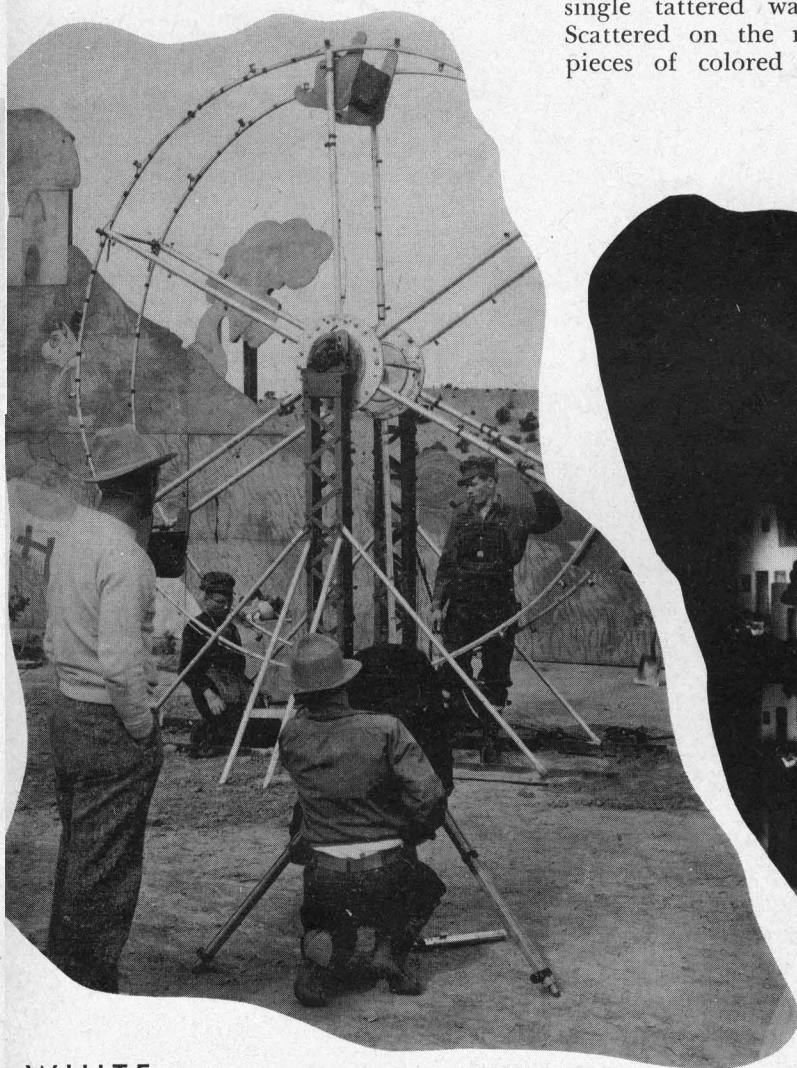
In a real sense, Madrid and its Christmas festivities became a war casualty. On Sunday, December 7, 1941, all was ready for the seasonal opening—but Pearl Harbor crowded Christmas out of Madrid. Much of the little town's strength marched away to war. Those who returned found a falling city. Gas had replaced domestic coal. The market for New Mexico coal was gone. As many as 30 families left Madrid in one day during the height of the exodus.

The little town today is but a tragic reminder. On the hill behind the crumbling ore-breaker stands a single tattered wall of Jerusalem. Scattered on the roads are broken pieces of colored bulbs. The old

church still supports its border of blue lights, and a leaning shack keeps the remnants of Bethlehem dry.

Madrid's population numbers 30, most of them newcomers. One man tends the company store, another keeps the mine office open, another handles the mail, and a few work Number 8—the only mine in operation. Five of Madrid's 210 houses are occupied. The others crumble in solitude.

There is some talk of restoring Madrid, of "bringing back the Christmas spirit." But, others—those, perhaps, who love Madrid most—believe the Christmas spirit has never left the old town. There are the blazing sunsets for color; and once after the war—a few days before Christmas—fog rolled into the town, and next morning sparkling crystals of ice covered the rough boardwalks and rooftops. Sculptured icicles hung in the trees. The tattered displays from the old Christmases were more beautiful than they had ever been.



E WHITE

TOYLAND VOLUNTEERS

"BETHLEHEM"

For scenes of the camp
today, turn the page ➡

CHRISTMAS CITY

(continued)

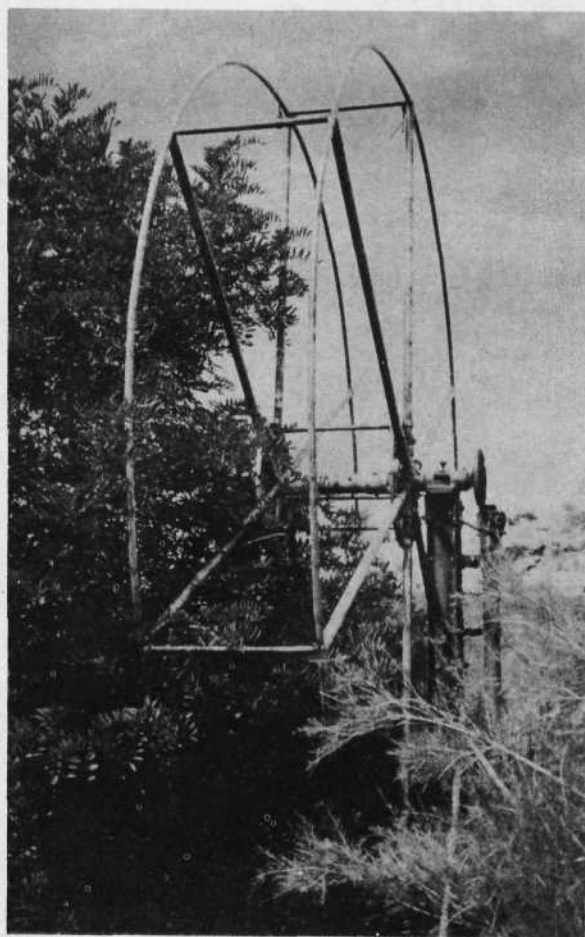


MADRID TODAY

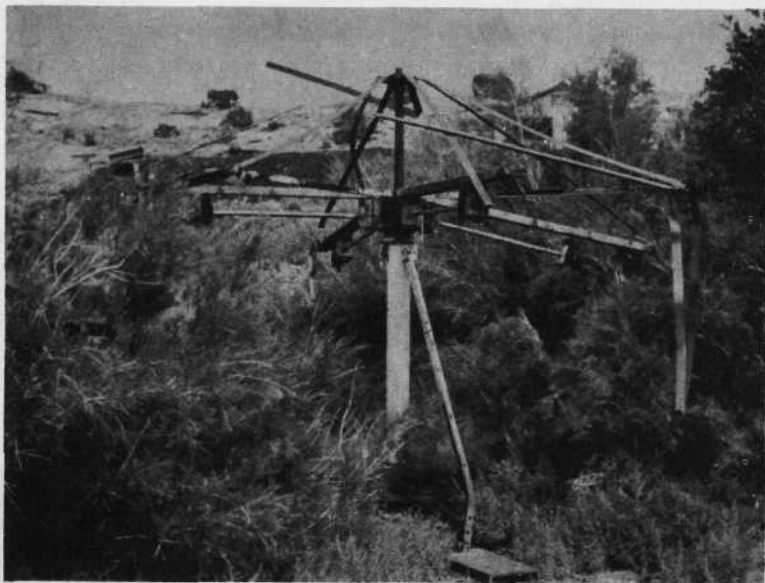


MINERS' CHURCH

FERRIS-WHEEL FOR DOLLS



MERRY-GO-ROUND



... the gay decorations
have vanished, but the
spirit remains ///

TRADING POST

CLASSIFIEDS

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Continued from preceding page

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● PHOTO SUPPLIES

COLOR SLIDES: Railroad, ghost town, scenic southwest, California missions, Calico, Marineland. Sample and list 25c. Longstreet, 6977 Sunnydell, Hollywood 28, California.

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● PLANTS, SEEDS

WILDFLOWER SEEDS: New 1962 expanded Wildflower Catalog is being printed. Same quality, same price, 50c. Clyde Robin, P.O. Box 2091, Castro Valley, California.

● REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE: bare land, 160 view acres located in Martinez Canyon overlooking Coachella Valley and the Salton Sea. Booming area, excellent location for exclusive dude ranch or canyon housing project. Reasonable. Write Cotton, 361 North Fifth Street, Coalinga, California.

FORTY ACRE Coachella Valley ranch for sale, 18 acres seven-year-old Thompson grapes, 20 acres four-year-old grapefruit. Three bedroom ranch house, one duplex two bedrooms each. Asking price \$112,000. Other ranch and commercial investments, also homes, available. Jorgensen Realty Branch Office, P.O. Box 965, Flreside 6-8389, Palm Desert, California.

FOR INFORMATION on desert acreage and parcels for sale in or near Twentynine Palms, please write or visit: Silas S. Stanley, Realtor, 73644 Twentynine Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, California.

● WESTERN MERCHANDISE

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LEARN OIL painting. New correspondence courses for amateur and advanced students. Personal forty point critique of each painting. Walker School of Art, Box 486, Montrose, Colo.

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NEW DESERT BOOKS

200 GOOD PHOTOS OF WESTERN GHOST TOWNS

To Westerners, the ghost town is something special. Many times people will drive scores of miles over punishing roads to view decaying buildings that would be condemned and immediately razed in cities that are currently "alive."

Lambert Florin's recently published *Western Ghost Towns* comes as close to capturing the nostalgic spirit of the old towns as they are today as it is possible to do short of visiting them in person. His secret is camera skill, and the patience to set up a picture and then wait for the sun to get in just the right position for optimum shadow effect.

Western Ghost Towns is a collection of more than 200 Florin pictures. Material was gathered in California, Nevada, Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and Montana.

174 pages; maps and drawings; \$12.50

(See footnote for information on how to buy this book by mail.)

NEW LOST MINES MAP TRULY DECORATIVE

"In these storied lands, billions in gold and silver treasures have been found, lost, buried, abandoned. The native Indian, the Spanish conquistador, the sainted padre who beat out the path of El Camino Real, the prospector and his burro . . . each has played a role in this adventure of riches gained and lost. The dreams that lured them on during the past centuries still lure other men today."

Thus, in part, reads the cartouche on a handsome new lost mines map titled "Trails to Treasures of the Golden Southwest," lithographed in five colors and suitable for framing.

Based on 10 years of research, the 23x34-inch map is the product of Dean

Hyskell and C. O. Davis, and includes coverage of eight Western states and a portion of Mexico.

An interesting aspect from the standpoint of the adventure-minded motorist, is the marking of U.S. and State highways to the nearest points of approach of each lost mine shown.

"Trails to Treasures" is issued in three editions: vellum finish, white, offset book, at \$2; ivory-toned, deckle-edged Strathmore text, \$3, and plate parchment, \$5. Mailed in a tube from Desert Magazine Book Store. (See footnote.)

HUMAN DRAMA ON REMOTE DESERT TRAILS

During 50 years as printer-editor-publisher on the American desert, Randall Henderson has witnessed revolutionary changes both in the comfort of living in a hot arid land and in the attitudes of Americans toward a region once regarded as a fit habitation only for reptiles and thorned plants.

Out of his experience, primarily as a reporter, Henderson has written *On Desert Trails Today and Yesterday*, the most comprehensive book yet published on the panorama of desert people and events—prehistoric life, geography, history, water supply, exploration, emigration, Indian life and lore and the reclamation of the desert frontier.

Since the most interesting aspect of life on this planet is the human drama, the book is mostly about people—the padres who came to save heathen souls, the Moun-

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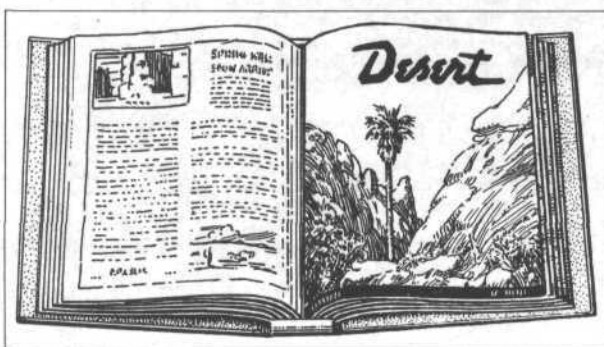
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tain Men, the Indians, explorers, jackass prospectors, Mormons, engineers, farmers, traders, and eventually the dudes enticed by a mild winter climate, paved highways, air-conditioning and luxurious guest ranches.

One of the trails leads to Death Valley, and the story of the strange partnership between a colorful desert rat and a Chicago millionaire which led to the building of Scotty's Castle in the most forbidding sector of the Desert Southwest. Other trails were those followed by the nomad artist, Everett Ruess, whose fate remains a mystery, although the author suggests new clues to the unsolved problem (see story on page 13).

One summer the author spent 19 days in the redrock wilderness of southeastern Utah, following dim trails in a region so remote and spectacular that Secretary of Interior Stewart L. Udall recently has proposed that it be added to the National Park System.

Readers are taken along the trails to Rainbow Bridge, to the Land of the Standing Rocks (once the hideaway of the notorious outlaw Butch Cassidy), and into Havasupai Canyon where a little tribe of Indians has found a Shangri-la along a stream of blue-green water which tumbles over magnificent waterfalls.

In Baja California, an ascent is made up the desert escarpment of Picacho del Diablo, highest peak on the peninsula, and just south of the Arizona border in Sonora the author's party descended into the almost unbearable heat of Crater Elegante, and took the first recorded measurement of its depth.

The old sandy trail into Monument Valley, "Graveyard of the Gods," has now become a paved highway, and increasing numbers of American motorists who go there will meet Harry and Mike Goulding, traders and motel hosts. Harry and Mike trekked into this region on horseback, and over a period of 35 years have won the warm friendship of Navajo tribesmen who once regarded all white people with bitter hatred.

One chapter of the book is devoted to the author's experiences during World War II as an Air Transport officer on the Sahara, and describes the comparative life of the nomad Arabs of that region with that of today's dwellers on the American desert.

The author regards the snake dances of the Hopi tribesmen in northern Arizona and the Smoki People of Prescott as the most fascinating spectacles to be seen in America today, and his story reveals many of the backstage details of these fantastic ceremonials which are annual events on the desert stage.

Henderson's exploratory trips in the land of little rainfall have extended over a half century. Much of the material appeared in *Desert Magazine* during the years of his editorship. However, the book format permits more detailed narrative, and much new material has been added.

Publication date of *On Desert Trails* is December 10. 350 pages, 15 maps, 37 halftone illustrations, index. \$5

This book may be ordered by mail. Full details in footnote. Autographed copies on request.

IMPERIAL VALLEY'S GOOD OLD DAYS

When the Sands of the Desert Grew Gold ("The word is Gold—not Cold") is a

different sort of reminiscence in that the author, Gordon Stuart, doesn't take events or himself too seriously.

He writes about the early days of Imperial Valley when life was full of hard work, fun, and big dreams. His book is not a history of the Valley. It is rambling, personal observations, all very pleasant reading.

The book contains 204 pages—entirely set by hand by the author, and printed two-up. (Stuart says the first two pages were printed on January 28, 1958, the last two on March 12, 1960. He also notes that there are many errors in the book, found after the printing, but "I will not point them out; thus depriving you of the joy of finding them.")

There are illustrations; plastic spiral binding; \$3. (See footnote.)

ROCKHOUNDS: DO AS I SAY—NOT AS I DO

A man likes pretty rocks. He is a rockhound. He often drives far from home to a place where he knows there are pretty rocks. He puts these rocks in a bag and takes them home. This place is private property. But, the owner doesn't mind. After all, rocks are only rocks.

The man tells his friends about the place where you can find pretty rocks. His friends tell their friends. Soon, many people visit the private property place. Still the owner doesn't mind. These rockhounds take only rocks. They also take home all their trash. They shut all the gates behind them. They don't shoot the cows.

Soon the place of the pretty rocks becomes "famous." Magazines write about it; books print maps to it. These magazines and books try to do a good job. They say that this place is private property. They say people who want to go there should write to the owner for permission.

One of these books is a brand new one. It is called *New Mexico Gem Trails*. It was written by Bessie W. Simpson. She lives in Texas. The book has many, many

maps. Here is how it tells rockhounds how to act when they are collecting rocks away from home:

"I will cease to write admonitions of conduct in the collecting fields. I feel that common sense will suffice to tell anyone when they are violating the rights of others. Therefore, my Code of Ethics is Use Common Sense, and Do unto Others' property



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Foreword by Harold O. Weight
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CHRISTMAS on the AMERICAN FRONTIER

by John E. Baur

Americana—\$5

An account of how the pioneers in the trans-Mississippi West kept Christmas. This was the most widely and generally celebrated holiday on the American frontier, and for the pioneer this day of days served as a reminder of vanished homes and as an emblem of all the things they hoped the future would bring.

There are numerous eyewitness descriptions of frontier holidays by the participants themselves. Inescapably, humor bubbles up in nearly every anecdote, but there are also tragedy and suspense, and a good dash of sentiment. Yet the pioneers, always at grips with the sternest realities, seldom became maudlin, even about Christmas. To them the season brought the kind of challenge that made them stronger, not softer, and they continued, in their own way, to add their contribution in the building of the modern West.

There are twenty pages of original line drawings, end sheets, and a color painting used as a frontispiece. 320 pages, large 12 mo.

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of
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as you would have them do unto yours. If all rockhounds will follow this simple rule, collecting areas will not be closed."

These words are printed on page 5. Beneath them is a picture of a roadrunner that was printed in the December, 1960, *Desert*. This roadrunner was drawn by Tucson artist Ted DeGrazia. It was copyrighted by *Desert* in 1960.

New Mexico Gem Trails has some other pretty drawings, too. On page 26 there is one of some saguaros. On page 46 there is one of a cholla. On page 50 there is one of a tree yucca. And on page 60 there is one of a yucca. The pictures on pages 26, 46, 50 and 60 have been printed in *Desert*. They were drawn for *Desert* by Norton Allen. *Desert* paid Norton Allen money to draw them. They were copyrighted by *Desert*. They are private property.

Please, rockhounds, do better than those who would lead you. Do not "violate the rights of others."

(P.S. *New Mexico Gem Trails* has 88 pages; papercover; many maps; sells for \$2.50.)

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT ARIZONA MINING PEOPLE

Two years ago, Arizona mining engineer Charles H. Dunning wrote a very readable book, *Rock To Riches*—the story of "a large company of men whose combined skills and ingenuity, vision and courage helped Man to learn how to convert formerly useless rock into valuable ore."

In this book, Dunning stuck to the facts, and in so doing "was forced to delete many anecdotes and episodes which would have illustrated the spirit of the times and the natures of the men who shared in shaping the times."

But, Dunning is a good miner. When you're mining one metal and run into a

pocket of another, you market it, too. The same goes for story material that doesn't fit into a documentary book.

And so, Dunning's stories about mining people who made Arizona what it is today have been gathered into a new book called *Arizona's Golden Road*. In these pages we make friends with prospectors, burros, Chinese camp cooks, hard-working mine operators, and Mexican mining folk. It's all very light; all very good reading.

The line drawings by Larry Toschik are outstanding.

Arizona's Golden Road has 185 pages; sells for \$3.85 from Desert Magazine Book Store (see footnote).

VROMAN: "PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE SOUTHWEST"

Adam Clark Vroman was one of the Southwest's most versatile photographers. His documentary pictures, covering a decade or so after 1890, have now been properly recognized by a beautifully done book: *Photographer of the Southwest*.

After five interesting opening chapters, the book is dedicated to some 90 photographs, mostly exposed in California or Arizona.

Ruth Mahood, Curator of the History Division of the Los Angeles County Museum, is the chief compiler of the book, and was assisted by Robert A. Weinstein. The Ward Ritchie Press did its usual excellent job of printing.

The 128 page book is printed on heavy stock, is handsomely bound, and sells for \$12.50. (See footnote)

Books reviewed in this publication can be purchased by mail from:
Desert Magazine Book Store
Palm Desert, Calif.

Please add 15c for postage and handling (unless otherwise specified); California residents also add 4% sales tax. Write for free catalog of the world's largest selection of books devoted exclusively to the Desert Southwest.

A GIFT FOR TODAY AND THE YEARS AHEAD **ON DESERT TRAILS** **TODAY AND YESTERDAY**

By RANDALL HENDERSON

Founder and former editor *Desert Magazine*

In a world plagued with tension and insecurity, here is a refreshing new book about a frontier region where four million Americans have found peace and beauty and the challenge of a new life where there is pure air, mild winters, space and comparative freedom.

Here are desert trails which lead away from the congested cities into an uncrowded primitive area where there is opportunity for adults and adventure for youth. This book is for adults and teen-age members of every family—an interpretive book flavored with the personal philosophy of a man who has spent a half century on the Great American Desert.

350 pages • 15 desert maps • 37 halftone illustrations

Publication date, December 10 — \$5 (Add 15c for postage)
(California buyers also add 20c tax)

DESERT MAGAZINE BOOKSHOP Palm Desert, Calif.

Copies will be autographed by the author if desired



By RANDALL HENDERSON

SINCE WE PEOPLE who dwell on the desert have access to the same radio, newspaper and television reports as do Americans everywhere, we also in some measure share the same tensions as do members of the human species in every civilized land—the tensions growing out of Russian atomic blasts, the explosive turn of events in Berlin, confusion within the United Nations, and the pro and con of bomb and fallout shelters.

These were the main topics of conversation among the groups with whom I have met in recent weeks, and I presume it is true everywhere. My friend Col. Jim O'Reilly, who is home from Europe on a month's leave of absence, tells me there is less tension there than in the United States. Having survived two wars, Europeans are inclined to take a more fatalistic view than are the residents of a country which has never been invaded. Very few Europeans are giving serious thought to fallout shelters.

Probably we who live in the open spaces of the desert country are less concerned about bombs and fallout than are people in the cities. The question: To build or not to build a shelter? is a very personal decision which each must make for himself. Cyria and I have no plans for a backyard cave to which to escape if the alarm were sounded. Perhaps if we were younger, had school-age children in the home, and lived in the heart of the city we would feel differently. I do not know.

We are living in a revolutionary period—a revolution in which we Americans are involved, whether we like it or not. No nation today enjoys a degree of sovereignty which will exempt it from the holocaust of an atomic war.

But this fact does not condemn us or our children to live forever in a state of anxiety—of fear that sooner or later we may become the victims of swift or slow death from nuclear explosives.

There is an alternative. Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*, defined this alternative in a recent editorial when he wrote: "Not until the individual declares a moratorium on the inconsequential in life and invests himself fully in an effort to achieve a just and lasting peace; indeed, not until the nation itself commits its moral energy, intelligence and resources to a massive attempt to bolster the United Nations and give it appropriate powers of world law, however rigorous the opposition—not until these things are done is there warrant for defeatism."

For those who would explore in more detail the alternative proposed by Cousins—the revising of the United Nations charter to establish a World Assembly, Executive Council, International Court and a Police Force

or standing army to enforce international law—I would recommend the reading of *World Peace Through World Law*, written by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn, eminent attorneys, and published by Harvard University Press in 1960 (revised edition).

As suggested by Cousins, there would be rigorous opposition. Russia and China would be bitterly opposed, for they aspire to their own brand of world domination. But the leadership in such a program by the United States would be one way to call Krushchev's colossal disarmament bluff.

I am well aware that many Americans have not yet adjusted their thinking to the concept of a supreme world power whose sovereignty in international affairs would supersede that of any single nation. It is an adjustment made necessary by two fateful events in the 1940s. The first of these was the release of an atomic bomb over Hiroshima August 6, 1945. The second was September 25, 1949, when Russian scientists fused their first atomic explosion.

Subsequent development of atom power as weapons of war has removed the possibility that any single nation, no matter how numerous its soldiers or how well armed with conventional weapons, can ever again dominate the world. Today only five nations have atomic know-how. Tomorrow the number may include China. Any industrialized nation has the potential for creating atom-powered weapons, and the decision as to their use could readily fall into the hands of a madman of the Hitler type.

In his United Nations address in September, President Kennedy made it clear that there is no security for anyone in an arms race. He summoned the American people to a peace race and the establishing of institutions of world law. But the full potential of his words will be realized only when the American people respond with depth and vigor. And that response will come only when you and I recognize that the United States, with all its fine traditions and power and technology cannot alone provide this or future generations with freedom from the tensions and anxiety which had their genesis in those fateful days in 1945 and 1949.

Nor can we provide security for ourselves merely by hating communism. I wouldn't trust Krushchev as far as I can throw an elephant. But hatred is a negative thing. The alternative suggested by Norman Cousins and President Kennedy—the creation of world law involving complete disarmament, with an international army of police for its enforcement—is a positive goal toward which all people in a democracy can make a contribution.

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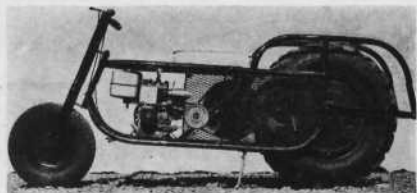
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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Montezuma In Nevada . . .

To the Editor: I read with interest Oren Arnold's story of Dr. Carlos Montezuma in the October issue. I should like to add that Dr. Montezuma spent some time at the Western Paiute-Shoshone Indian Reservation with headquarters at Owyhee, Nevada, where he tried to teach the Indians to adopt the ways of civilization.

The Indians resented his missionary work, so he was recalled, and returned to Chicago.

GENEVA OLSON
Mountain City, Nev.

A Not-So-Dry Wash . . .

To the Editor: I thoroughly enjoyed the fine article by Eugene Conrotto, "By Power Scooter Through the Wild Red Yonder," in the August '61 *Desert*, but was somewhat amused by the caption on the picture on page 41: "the easy ride down Comb Wash."

My son and I visited this area, via black top highway, at the end of August, and normally-dry Comb Wash was running a stream eight-inches deep and 15 to 20 feet wide. Traffic had been stranded from Bluff to Mexican Hat for over eight hours previously. I understand the Wash had been running five to six feet of water—a spectacular sight!

I realize that this happens only during a time of unusually heavy rain, and by next year Comb Wash will be bridged—which will take all the hazards and much of the fun out of traveling this route.

ANN WILES
Deaver, Wyoming

—NEXT MONTH IN—

Desert

P. T. Reilly: "Who Was Elias B. Woolley, Fifth Riverrunner to Traverse the Colorado?" The unbelievable but true story of the discovery of a hitherto unknown traverse of the Colorado which took place in 1903. Reilly, an expert whitewater boatman and river historian, tells about this historic trip, and his search for more clues to pinpoint the identity of the enigmatic Woolley.

Joe Palmisano: "An Emergency Plan For Snakebite"—do you have yours?

SPECIAL: Lee Oertle test-drives three 1962 sport wagons—Ford's Falcon Club Wagon, Chevrolet's Corvair Sport Wagon, and Volkswagen's Deluxe Station Wagon (all of them buses) . . . and his report appears in the January issue. If you have been thinking of buying a family bus for desert camping enjoyment, read Oertle's report first.

These feature articles—and more—will appear in the January *DESERT*



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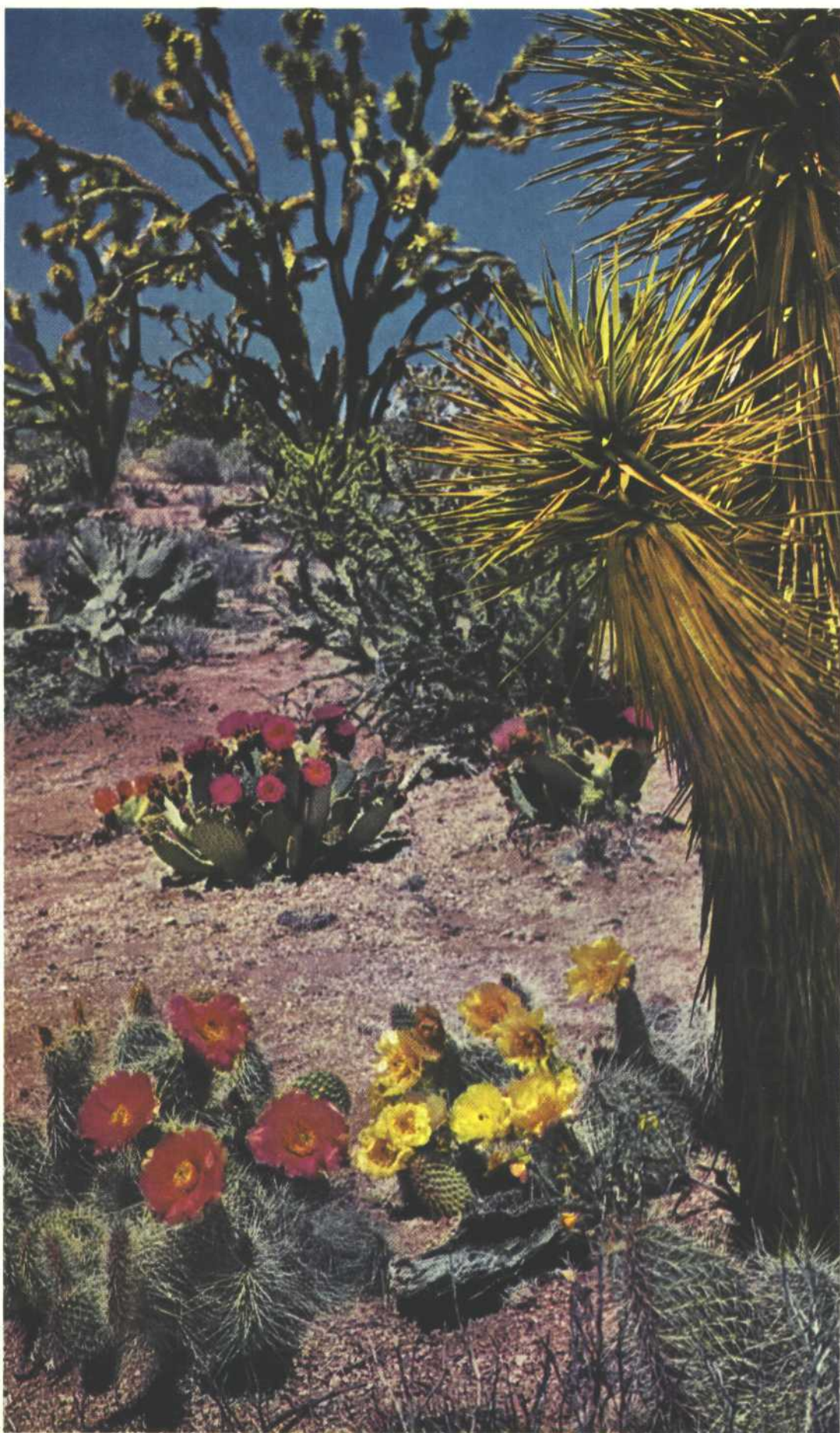
DESERT MAGAZINE

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CHRISTMAS MORNING, SOUTHWEST DESERT

By Maude Rubin

The fawn-eyed mother
wakes at morning chill,
Kindles a root of sage,
makes the hogan bright
With corn and scarlet
peppers. On the hill
The sun is a copper gong
of polished light.
The children wake as
squirrels and chip-
munks wake:
Small things of wilderness
with jewel-bright eyes.
First gift is a pinyon cone
to hold, to shake,
Then to open, discover
sweet kernels of brown
surprise.
No sleds, no skis, no
skates—they know
no ice.
Their playmates are
hurrying wind and
tumbleweeds,
Rabbits and desert quail,
kangaroo mice,
Their dolls made of
manzanita and
milkweed seeds.
From the stillness of sun
they learn their quiet
play;
On starry nights they
hear the silence talk;
From a safe-hidden fawn
they learn the secret
way
Of waiting in peace—
Sand cushions their
walk.
Though they live in a
hogan, their home is
earth's wide room,
Their Christmas gift
blanket bright-woven
on sunshine's loom!





Ripened fruit of the saguaro cactus

OLD FIRES

By MAUDE RUBIN

*Gone are the white-white years, the cone-trimmed boughs,
The smell of pine trees, glitter of ice and snow,
Sleighbells on moon-cold air, mistletoe vows;
Old fires that warm a frosty long ago.
Here in the desert summer fires the year—*

*What need for yule logs, holly-green, or berries?
December's sun shines warm and amber clear. . .
Only the wing of memory still carries
Nostalgia for cold. This splended sky
Awaits the Christmas birth, the Star rides high!*